VOL. IV. No. 46. } GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending November 19, 1859. { Whole No. 199

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES

The Wanderer.

BY LELA.

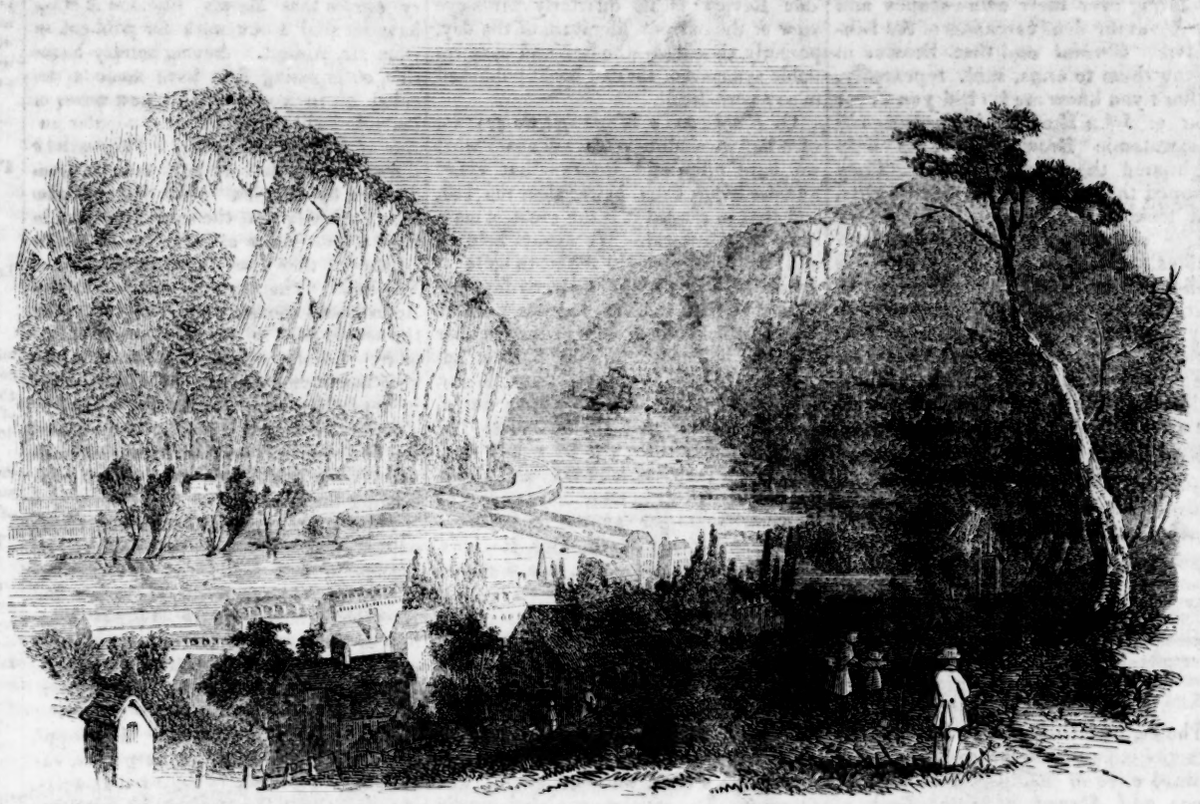
Gone to the land where the palm trees wave,
Where the winds blow soft, where the orange laves
Her blossoms rich, which are scatter'd o'er the way
Where the loved one wanders, a weary one away.

Gone where the sun sets bright and its melting ray
Casts the shadow of heaven in its parting day,
Where the dew drop glistens, like the pearl or the gem,
Sent from above, like the riches of heaven.

Gone to the land where the yellow mine of wealth
Yields up her pelf, who seek her for self.
Where the treasures on earth leads the heart to roam
Afar from all kindred, from loved ones at home.

Gone to the land of every delight,
From the song of the birds, to the song of the sea
That sings its glad glee, telling lovers its might
How strong in its passions,- how *calm in its quiet.*

May the Father above, guide our treasure of love
O'er the trackless waste of the future unknown,
While the cup that is sought, may be filled from above
And warily and wisely, the wanderer come home.



VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY, FROM THE POTOMAC SIDE.

HISTORY OF THE HARPER'S FERRY INVASION.

We present the readers of THE TIMES this week an engraving of Harper's Ferry, accurately taken upon the spot, from the Potomac side.

As the scene of the late invasion and attempted insurrection, this place is suddenly made the centre of national conversation and newspaper reporters.

We have already given in THE TIMES a brief description of the place, with many of the items connected with the tragic scene, but mostly in disconnected paragraphs, as they were made known to the public. We, therefore, deem it due to this the first attempted invasion and insurrection, and its prompt and summary quelling, to accompany our illustration with a full and connected description of the place, and the scenes of conflict.

Harper's Ferry is in Jefferson county, Virginia, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac river, where the united stream breaks through the Blue Ridge, 160 miles north of Richmond, and 53 miles northwest of Washington City. The Ridge here is about twelve hundred feet in height, showing bare, precipitous cliffs on either side on the river, and exhibiting some of the most beautiful and imposing natural scenery to be found in the country. The town was originally built on two streets stretching along a narrow shelf between the base of the bluff and the rivers, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and named respectively Potomac and Shenandoah streets. To accommodate its increasing population the town has straggled up the steep bluff, and, in detached villages and scattered residences, occupies the level ground above—about four hundred feet above the streams. The present population is between five and six thousand. It contains five or six churches, several manufactories and flouring mills, a United States Armory, in which are employed several hundred hands, producing among other things some 10,000 muskets annually; and a national arsenal, where usually from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms are stored.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge, 900 feet long, and passes along Potomac street westward, its track lying forty feet above the river. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, lying along Shenandoah street, connects with the Baltimore and Ohio at the bridge.

In September last, Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, received the following anonymous letter, which partly revealed the insurrectionary scheme, but there being no name to the letter, he looked upon it as a quiz:

CINCINNATI, *August* 20—SIR: I have recently received information of a movement of such great importance, that I feel it my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a secre association, having for its object a liberation of the slaves of the South by general insurrection. The leader of this move is old John Brown, late on Kansas, who has been to Canada during the past winter, drilling negroes who are only waiting his word to start for the South and assist the slaves. They have one of their leaders, a white man, in an armory in Maryland, although where situated I am unable to learn. As soon as everything is ready, a number of negroes who are now in the Northern States and Canada will come South, in small detachments, to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains of Virginia, and will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry.

Brown left the North three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike a blow in a few weeks, so that whatever is done to put a stop to their prowlings, must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and are probably distributing them already. I am not fully in their confidence, and this is all the information I can give you.

I dare not sign my name to this, but trust you will not disregard the warning on this account.

This letter was too true; and the first overt act of hostility, Sunday night, October 16th, was the seizure, about half-past ten o'clock, of the watchman on the Potomac bridge, who was carried prisoner to the Armory buildings, of which they had already quietly taken possession.

At an hour after midnight Col. Lewis Washington, living four miles from the town, was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door, and a voice calling him by name. Supposing it to be some friend come to claim hospitality, he lighted a lamp and went to the door, where, to his amazement, he found himself in the presence of six men armed with Sharpe's rifles, knives, and revolvers. The leader, J. E. Cooke, told him he was a prisoner, but that he need feel no alarm, as no harm was intended to his person. The Colonel took the matter as coolly as could have been desired, assuring them that he not only was not frightened, but appreciated the honor they had done him in supposing it required six men, armed to the teeth, to capture a single man in his night shirt.

While he dressed himself the outlaws arrested all the negro men on the premises, attached horses to the Colonel's carriage and two wagons, and thus drove off towards Harper's Ferry. On their way they captured a Mr. John Alstadt, his son, and men servants, in like manner. Cooke, who had previously visited Colonel Washington's house, and had been courteously entertained by him, took advantage of the knowledge thereby gained of the premises to steal a number of treasured family relics, among which was the sword presented by Frederick the Great to General George Washington. Some of these articles have been since recovered

It was not until four o'clock on Monday morning that the citizens of Harper's Ferry began to suspect that some mischief was afoot. The regular watchman at the bridge was missing, and an armed stranger stood guard in his place. As this fact was reported to Heywood, the well known negro porter at the dépôt, he went down to see about it.—When he got there he was approached by several armed men, one of whom handed him a rifle, and ordered him to stand guard in the cause of freedom. Heywood expostulated with them, and resolutely refused to take the rifle.—Their motives were hastily explained, and he was threatened with instant death if he did not join them. With heroic firmness the negro answered that they might kill him, but he would never join in their murderous schemes. Seeing an opportunity, he attempted to escape, and was shot dead. Thus the first life sacrificed by these philanthropic liberators was that of a faithful negro.

Shortly after the workmen began to go to their work-shops. Among the first, a Mr. Kelly, on seeing an armed guard at the gate, asked by what authority they had taken possession of the public premises. The guard replied, "By the authority of God Almighty." He was ordered to enter as prisoner; but, instead of obeying, turned and made his escape, receiving a bullet through his hat as he ran. Mr. Boerly, a grocer, witnessed this scene as he was about opening his shop, and running out with his gun, fired at the guard. The next moment he was shot dead.

In the meantime the rumor of these murders began to spread; and as the town was aroused from sleep, it was ascertained that the telegraph wires had been cut above and below the town; the morning train stopped and detained for a time, and then permitted to proceed; and also that several leading citizens had been taken from their beds, and were held prisoners by a band of unknown persons in the Armory grounds.

The number of these prisoners was increased to twenty five or thirty by the capture of officers and employés, who went to the works to attend to their duties from curiosity.

As the sun rose upon the scene, the reported outrages and the bodies of the murdered men showed that from whatever source the movement came it was of a serious character. Sentinels, armed with rifles and pistols, were seen guarding all the public buildings, threatening death or firing at all who questioned or interfered with them; and the savage audacity with which they issued their orders, gave assurance that the buildings were occupied by large bodies of men. Messengers were dispatched to all the neighboring towns for military assistance, while panic-stricken citizens seized such arms as they could find, and gathered in small bodies on the outskirts of the town, and at points remote from the works. All was confusion and mystery. Even the sight of several armed negroes among the strangers did not at once excite suspicion that it was an Anti-Slavery movement, and the report of one of the captured slaves confirmatory of that fact was received with doubt and incredulity. Indeed, so averse was the public mind to the acceptance of this belief, that the suggestion was everywhere received with derision, and every and any other explanation adopted in preference.

Still aroused, as much by curiosity and love of excitement as by the idea of real danger, the people of the neighboring towns and farm houses, armed themselves with such weapons as they could find, and trooped towards the scene of action by tens and by hundreds. In a few hours Harper's Ferry was surrounded completely with a bristling cordon of men with every variety of arms, costume, accoutrement, and of all ages and condition.—In the mean time a guerrilla fight had been commenced by the citizens of Harper's Ferry. A man named Geo. Chambers, whose house commanded the public grounds, shot the negro sentinel that guarded the arsenal, and a dropping fire was heard in different quarters. Hall's rifle-works on the Shenandoah were assailed by the Jefferson Volunteers, supposing it to be strongly occupied. It was taken without great difficulty, and to the astonishment of all, its garrison was ascertained to have consisted of but five men.—These attempted to escape by wading and swimming the Shenandoah, but four of them were shot while in the water, and one was taken unhurt. A wretch, mortally wounded, was dragged from the river by a citizen, and laid upon the bank shivering with cold and loss of blood. He begged to be taken to a fire, promising to confess everything. The by standers carried him to an old cooper's shop hard by, where a hasty blaze was kindled. He told them that his name was Lewis Leary; that he had been enlisted in Oberlin, Ohio, to serve in the great war of liberation to commence at Harper's Ferry. He left a wife and three children, and entreated some one to write to them to inform them of the manner of his death. He says he was enlisted by a man named Willet, and was awfully deceived. He was a good-looking mulatto, quite young, and nearly white. After lingering in great agony for twelve hours he died.

About this time Captain George Turner, who came down with the Jefferson military, went to reconnoitre the position of the outlaws in the Armory inclosure, and while so doing was shot dead. Captain Turner was a graduate of West Point, and for some years an officer in the United States Army He was a gentleman of fortune, and one of the most esteemed citizens of the county. When the shell was cracked at the rifle-works, and found to contain so small a kernel, people began to perceive they had greatly overestimated the numbers of the enemy, and no time was lost in taking possession of the town and closing all the passages of escape. The outlaw chief, too, had by this time perceived that, instead of hundreds of allies, he was hemmed in by thousands of infuriated enemies; and gathering together the remnant of his desperate band, with a few frightened negroes and the *élite* of his prisoners, he retired into the fire-engine house, within the public grounds. A short time after two of his party came out, each leading a citizen prisoner—whether to parley or to escape was not understood. When they appeared in the street one of the outlaws was immediately shot down, and the other captured; the citizen prisoners thus rejoining their friends.

After this incident, Mr. Fontaine Beckham, Mayor of Harper's Ferry, and one of its most beloved citizens, exposed himself on the railroad track within range of the fire from the engine-house, and was shot dead. At this sight the outlaw prisoner taken was told to prepare for death. He begged hard, but he was immediately shot, and thrown into the river. Although two balls had been fired into his body, and he fell forty feet into the water, he had vitality enough left to swim to the base of the next pier and crawl upon its edge, where twenty rifle bullets soon ended his miserable existence. At three o'clock a party of a hundred men from Martinsburg arrived. This party was only partially armed, and without organization, but when they arrived at the upper end of the Armory buildings some twenty or more of daring spirits, headed by George Wollet, one of the railroad men, made a rash but gallant assault upon the strong-hold of the outlaws. Wollet broke open the door, and nearly succeeded in forcing himself in, but was shot through the left arm by a rifle-ball. The attack was repulsed, with a loss of seven wounded. The fruit of this assault was the liberation of eighteen of the Harper's Ferry prisoners and the death of two of the outlaws.

One of the outlaws escaped from the Armory inclosure by creeping through a culvert which led to the Potomac River. He threw away his rifle and attempted to swim, but was hindered by the weight of his accoutrements.—Under the fire of twenty rifles he crept behind a rock, and drawing a knife attempted to cut away his belts.—George Schoppart, of Martinsburg, wa-

ded out until within ten paces of him, and shot him dead. In his pockets was found a captain's commission, under the Provisional Constitution, signed by John Brown, Commander in-Chief, and H. Keys, Secretary-of-War.

From this time active hostilities ceased, though the town was occupied by a thousand men. They feared to storm the building, on account of hazarding the lives of the citizen prisoners. It was determined to guard the premises and wait. During the night Col. Robert Lee, of the United States Army, arrived with about a hundred marines and two pieces of artillery. These troops took possession of the Armory yard, in immediate proximity to the engine-house, and the night was passed in comparative quiet.

One of the prisoners reports that during the night Brown acknowledged that all was lost; he knew that he had forfeited his life, and was determined to sell it as dearly as possible.

When Tuesday morning came the troops were put in position and a flag was sent to the besieged, borne by Samuel Strider, a citizen, and accompanied by Lieutenant Stuart, Colonel Lee's aid. They were received at the door by Brown. The demand for an unconditional surrender was peremptorily refused. The terms proposed by Brown were, that he and his party should be escorted by the marines to the Maryland shore and pursuit by the citizens restrained until he could escape; in which case he would leave the country and give up his prisoner hostages unhurt. Of course these terms were inadmissible, and the parley lasted some time without result. In the mean time the storming party of twelve marines, took position on either side of the centre door. As the parley ended, the officer stepped back several paces and waved his hat. Two soldiers sprung forward, and with heavy sledges tried to force the door. One of the engines, inside had been pushed against it, and it resisted all their efforts. Thirty men then came forward, and taking a heavy forty foot ladder, used it as a battering-ram, dropping upon their knees at each blow to avoid the expected volley on the falling of the door. At the third or fourth blow it gave way, and the stormers rushed in gallantly, headed by Lieutenant Green.

Private Quinn, one of the first who entered, received a mortal wound.—Turning back, he dropped his musket, and staggered to the rear, where he fell Private Rupert received an ugly wound in the cheek. Colonel Washington the moment the marines entered sprung upon one of the engines, told his fellow prisoners to hold up their hands that they might be recognized as non-combatants, and then pointed out the outlaws to the vengeance of the soldiers. Having discharged their pieces in the faces of the soldiers, several of these threw down their arms and begged for quarter. Untamable to the last, old Brown sat in a corner loading his rifle, and in this position received a sabre-stroke from Lieutenant Green which threw him forward on his hands and knees. Two or three bayonet stabs finished him, it was then supposed. Ottowa Brown, his son, was shot down and bayoneted.

A soldier seeing Colonel Washington in an active and prominent position, mistook him for one of the outlaws, leveled his piece and put his finger on the trigger; but fortunately remembering the caution in regard to the prisoners, he desisted.

The citizen captives, released from their long and trying confinement, hurried out to meet their friends with every demonstration of joy; while the bloody carcasses of the dead and dying outlaws were dragged into the lawn amidst the howls and execrations of the people. Two only were brought out unhurt—Coppick, and Green the negro—and they only escaped immediate death by accident, the soldiers not at once distinguishing them from the captive citizens and slaves.

The quiet and thorough manner in which this delicate business was executed reflects great credit on the officers and men engaged, and is a beautiful exemplification of the immense superiority of trained soldiers over all others.

Thus ended the first battle of the Provisional Government forces, twenty-two in number, led by Lieut. General Brown and as Mr. Strother reports in Harper's Weekly, "all about this good-humored, good-for-nothing, half-monkey race—the negroes." Let us see what part they have played in the drama. It seems that there is not the remotest suspicion that a single individual among them had any fore knowledge of Brown's movement. It is well ascertained that neither threats, promises, nor persuasion could induce one of them to join the movement when it was proposed to them. Heywood was shot dead while heroically expressing his horror of their nefarious designs. Brown discovered early that he could make no use of such as he had captured, and on Monday morning sent Cooke and two other white men, with eleven negro prisoners over to the Maryland side. But as Cooke and his companions went at times to the river to fire across at the Virginians these negroes escaped, dodging through the woods, swimming the river, and running every hazard, returned to their respective homes. One fellow said that, when he was taken, a pike was put into his hands by Brown who told him to take it and strike for liberty.

"Good lord, Massa," cried Cuffee, in a tremor, "I don't know nuffin 'bout handlin' dem tings."

"Take it instantly," cried the philanthropist, and strike home. This is a day that will long be remembered in the history of your race—a glorious anniversary."

"Please God, Massa, I'se got a sore finger," and Cuffee exhibited a stump, the first joint of which he had lost in a wheat-machine some years before.

Finding that he had no mind to be a hero, Brown took him to the Armory, and during the siege sent him out for water. As soon as he got out of range of their guns he broke the pitcher and fled for his life. In the town they were passing to and fro with entire freedom, jubilating over their own escapes and jeering at the dead carcasses of the Liberators Several said that Brown, in urging them to arms, said, repeatedly, "Don't you know me? Did you never hear of John Brown of Kansas—old Ossawatomie Brown?" This only frightened the negroes more. They dropped the pikes, like the devil's gifts, and took to their heels, hiding every where under straw ricks, barns, and stables. On the other hand, there is sufficient and full evidence to show that, had their masters been present in any instance, the slaves would, in their defense, have very cheerfully thrust the pikes into the bodies of the pseudo-philanthropists, proving that they were not so ignorant of the pitch-fork exercise as they pretended.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Bayard Taylor's new book—The Old Mansion—T. S. Arthur's new volume—Book of Humorous Poetry—New Issues of the Foreign reprints—The Corner Cupboard—Parlor Theatricals—Life in Tuscany—Forthcoming Works.

The eighth volume of the Bayard Taylor series is published this week—a comely duodecimo of 500 pages, entitled *At Home and Abroad*, a Sketch Book of Life, Scenery and Men. It is made up of thirty three descriptive sketches, some new, but the majority old, and published before at different times Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., are the Philadelphia publishers.

The novels of Charles J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, the publisher and editor of Peterson's National Magazine, have been compared to the remarkable fictions of the distinguished pioneer novelist, Charles Brockden Brown Without perhaps as much weird like fancy and grotesque suggestion. Mr. Peterson has all of Brown's force and earnestness with considerable descriptive and dramatic power, and great concentration of incident. His best work is his last. *The Old Stone Mansion*, just published in a very fine duodecimo volume, by Messrs T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Philadelphia The narrative is drawn from American life, in and around the keystone city, with a dash of the legendary, also Philadelphia, to give to the story the interest of romance. The social detail, and the grouping, and the flutter, and the show, of metropolitan society, are graphically represented by our author, and the work may be referred to, without any adventitious claims to notice, as an American novel, worthy of the name.—Very few books of the season are better worth perusal, and preservation in the library.

Mr. T S. Arthur's new work, *Lizzy Glenn, or The Trials of a Seamstress*, is also published by the same enterprising firm, in their well known duodecimo style. Mr. Arthur is a most amiable gentleman, a conscientious author, and the man of the people. His sympathies are with the masses, and the burden of all his writings is the elevation of the poor who have fallen, and the direction of the humble who have life before them to an ambition which may give them peace and prosperity.—Through all his very numerous productions the same general purpose may be observed, and it is greatly to his credit that the plain lessons of common sense and the just ideas of sound morality are conveyed through all without fear of public bias, or pretentious criticism. That he is widely and deservedly popular we need hardly say, and his new novel, as above, will be found one of the best he has written.

We have to call the reader's attention to an interesting *omnium gatherum* of the best examples of strictly humorous rhyme which the language contains. It hails from the well known gift-book establishment of Mr. George G. Evans, 439 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and is entitled *A Budget of Humorous Poetry*, containing the best specimens of strictly witty verse from Chaucer to Saxe. It is not so pretentious a volume as Parton's, on the same subject, yet, there are few pieces of real merit that have not been included in the collection. With a pretty familiar acquaintance with the humorous poetry of the language we hesitate not to say that scarcely a strictly humorous poem has been omitted by the compiler. We have tested it by recalling some scores of pieces only to find them in their proper places as quickly as referred to This work is on the gift-book list of the publisher, who will furnish complete catalogues by mail on application. We can vouch for the fairness and reliability of the system pursued by Mr Evans

The new quarterly numbers of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co.'s reprints. (New York.) have begun, with the *Westminster Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine* both for October Of the former we have only to say that its long established character is admirably sustained in the eight finished articles included in the new issue. The *Westminster* is still the accredited organ of the liberal interest, and numbers among its contributors such scholars and philosophers as Mills, Grote, James Martineau, Isaac Taylor, and Sir John Bowring A grand feature in this able Review is its quarterly bird's-eye view of the current literature of the day, properly classified—the best and most reliable synopsis of the new books published in any periodical

Of *Blackwood's Magazine* we are not sure but we shall have to say again what we have often said before—that every number seems even better than the last, and that in a word it is the greatest magazine in the world. We always held so, and we firmly believe it yet, in spite of Atlantics, and Dublin Universities, and Titans, and All the Year Rounds There are eight brilliant articles in the October number, in fiction, politics, history, adventure, theology, romance, etc., to suit every taste The admirable paper on African Discovery, and the fine novel The Luck of Ladysmede, will be widely read. Remember that "Blackwood" and all the Quarterlies, (four in number,) are sent by mail at $10.00 per annum, or "Blackwood" and either of the four Reviews, one year, for $5.00. The five works in England cost $31.00.

Another wonderful *omnium gatherum*, though of a different kind from the Budget of Poetry, is *The Corner Cupboard, or Facts for Everybody*, just issued in a neat duodecimo volume by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. It contains scraps of information of every possible character, useful, curious, quaint and amusing. The articles are alphabetically arranged, and are as miscellaneous as the adventures of Sir Colin Mac Crackengingle. A great deal of unexpected interest and information may be picked out of the volume which is very aptly termed The Corner Cupboard, a receptacle with contents as heterogeneous as can well be imagined. Never before was there a "cupboard" that held half so much, and there never will be one of more practical family service. A dollar could not be better invested than in its purchase

Like the "Corner Cupboard" all the publications of Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald are based on practical utility, and are designed to meet a commonly felt want in the household Simultaneously with the above volume they also issue *Parlor Theatricals, or, Winter Evening Entertainments*; containing Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Drawing Room Pantomimes, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux Vivants, etc., illustrated with descriptive engravings and diagrams; By the author of The Sociable, The Secret Out, etc — A taste for domestic recreations and pleasures is rapidly replacing the disposition to run after public amusements, and the difficulty of supplying the evening party with materials for entertainment is exactly supplied in the volume here offered, at the small price of seventy five cents The work can be sent by mail to any part of the country.

The attention which has recently been given to Italy gives special interest to an elegant duodecimo volume, *Life in Tuscany*, by Mabel Sharman Crawford, just published by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York. The author of this interesting narrative resided nearly a year in the country which she describes. She has wisely avoided the themes which have already been written over, pages deep such as churches, museums, picture galleries, and art, and gives us instead her own impressions of Life in Tuscany Tuscany, though containing but two millions of the twenty-five who inhabit Italy, embraces within its limits Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and several other cities of note We do not exaggerate when we say that the volume is one of the most interesting of the year. Neither can we too highly commend the beautiful style in which it is issued It resembles a fine English volume, three times more costly.

To the ever favorite "Household Library," of which we have before spoken in the highest terms, Messrs. Sheldon & Co., have just added two additional volumes, the sixteenth and seventeenth, containing Henry G Liddell's *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and the *Life of Vittoria Colonna*, by T. Adolphus Trollope, brother of the author of "The Bertrams." The first is an extract from Dean Liddell's Roman History, a work which has not been republished in this country, and of course inaccessable to the majority of American readers; the second is taken from Mr. Trollope's "Decade of Italian Women," a large and costly publication They form acceptable additions to the Household Library, and their publication in this form will place them within the reach of many who would otherwise have been debarred the pleasure of reading them.

The same publishers, New York, and Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia, issue the *Sixth Series of Spurgeon's Sermons* with an Introduction by the author to his American readers, and a fine steel plate illustration of Spurgeon's New Tabernacle There are some thirty discourses in all, marked by that glowing fervor, intense earnestness, strong conception, vigorous expression, and fine exhibition of evangelical truth that have made this divine, in the dew of his youth, the most popular preacher in the world. That he is all this it is not hard to prove, when *over two hundred thousand copies* of his five previous volumes have been sold in this country alone, *where his voice has never been heard*

It is not yet generally known in literary circles that Messrs Sheldon & Co. have secured a new work for publication from Mr. Abbott. Among holiday books this enterprising firm have made a decided hit in undertaking a new series of juvenile books from the ever popular author of the "Rollo Books." They will be illustrated in the very best manner from designs by Herrick We have it also from authority that the same firm have in hand a new series of juveniles by a new author in that line, Geo. B. Taylor, of Virginia. The style is similar to the Rollo Books though wholly original, with the scenes laid in Maryland, near Baltimore. Lumley will illustrate them in the very best style. Among their books nearly ready are The Child's Book, and A Treasury of Pleasure Books, both painted in Oil Colors, and exquisite gems for children. We shall have more to say concerning them.

Messrs. Peterson Brothers issue a cheap edition in paper covers, (sent by mail on receipt of fifty cents) of Boz' famous *American Notes for General Circulation* Everybody has heard of Dickens' opinions of this country, and there is now an opportunity to look into them fully.

Political.

Judge C. S. Tarply, of Mississippi, writes a letter to the Vicksburg Sun, explaining his position in regard to Douglas. He thinks that Douglas will be certain to get the Charleston nomination, and that if so nominated the States which go into the convention will be bound in honor to support him. Judge T. thinks, however, that the southern delegates ought to withdraw from the convention in the event of that body's refusing to pass a resolution declaring it the duty of Congress to protect slavery in the Territories. He would then have a Southern ticket, and endeavor to throw the election into the House, and take our chance there in preference to seeing either Seward or Douglas chosen by the people.

He says: Douglas will carry into the convention upon the first ballot, the vote of every free State except Oregon and California, and after a few ballotings, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi will support him, and thus support his nomination. At least this was the reason I gave for the opinions expressed by "Syphax;" and he might have further added, that I also said, that many men at the South who were now denouncing Douglas, would swear that he was the very safest and best politician living, did they but perceive that he had a reasonable prospect of being elected

SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS:—The Richmond Whig learns that several servants in Culpepper have reported to their masters that they have been approached by strangers with inducements to run away. The people are exercising a becoming vigilance to ferret out these incendiaries. The truth is, says the Whig, we have no longer any use in Virginia for the vagabond tourists or itinerent peddlers of unknown character, who have hitherto found free intercourse among us.

A suspicious character was arrested at Plains Mill, in Shenandoah county, Va, on Manday last, who is suspected of being one of the Harper's Ferry insurgents He says his name is Merriam, and that he came from New York.

In Washington in Saturday a man calling himself McDonnel was arrested on suspicion of being one of the Harper's Ferry conspirators. He admits that he was there with Brown. He has been sent to jail for indentification.

ELECTION OF JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF GEORGIA.—The election for Judges of the Supreme Court of Georgia, took place in the Legislature the 10th. Richard F. Lyon was elected on the fourth ballot, for a full term of six years, to fill the seat now occupied by Hon. Henry L. Benning.

Linton Stephens was elected on the first ballot, for the unexpired term of Judge McDonald.

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Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks

Board including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel &c., (lights extra $.00; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1; French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano $22.50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5 The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue sumner plain white jaconet The uniform is worn only in public Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President (11—y)

The Literary Paper of the South!

"EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ IT!"

THE TIMES,

THE LARGEST! THE CHEAPEST! THE BEST! ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER!

THE TIMES is neither political nor sectarian, but it is the constant aim of the Editors to fill its columns with the choicest Historical, Literary and family reading, and with a large selection of all the news of the day, both foreign and domestic.

The fifth volume commences with the new year 1860. Engagements have been made to make this the most brilliant year in the history of THE TIMES. It will commence with

Three Beautiful Prize Stories.

Its illustrations will be increased; and its typographical appearance will be improved by a still neater dress The Publishers are determined to keep pace with the improvements of the age; their motto is "PROGRESSION," and as the circulation of THE TIMES enlarges each year they are determined to add new attractions to its columns, and make it the literary paper of the South. With these inducements the Publishers confidently expect several thousand increase in circulation.

But as additional incentives to the friends of the South to encourage their own literary and family paper, in which they will find none of that impure and immoral reading which sometimes they get from abroad, the Publishers of THE TIMES offer

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For subscribers to commence with the new volume and the new year. THE TIMES is printed weekly on eight large pages, fine paper, at $2 a year, in advance For specimen numbers and circulars address the Publishers,

COLE & ALBRIGHT.
Greensboro, N. C.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST! NEW GOODS at Boone's Boot and Shoe emporium. I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro.

My stock consists of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', Youths' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price; Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-Skins, and Shoe finding's of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that *defy* competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me.

Terms cash. J. B. F. BOONE.
October, 11 41—

SOMETHING NEW! Misses', Boys', Youth's and Children's Boots and Shoes with Metalic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make To be had at BOONE'S.
October, 11. 41—

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!! I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2 inch	3 ply	12½	cts.	per	foot.
2½ "	"	15	"	"	"
3 "	"	17	"	"	"
4 "	"	22	"	"	"
5 "	"	27	"	"	"
6 "	"	32	"	"	"
7 "	"	38	"	"	"
8 "	"	42	"	"	"
10 "	"	60	"	"	"
12 "	"	72	"	"	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

GREAT ATTRACTION. A new cheap store in Greensboro. J. F. Jollee has taken the Store formerly occupied by Winbourn & Witty, where he is now receiving a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. He will still continue to keep his usual variety of Clothing and Gentleman's furnishing Goods.—Thankful for the Favors he received whilst he was in the Clothing Business, he hopes by punctuality and industry to merit a continuance of the same. J. F. JOLLEE.
October, 11. 41—3m.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter. Ale. Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

P. A. TATUM, Wholesale and retail dealer in Fruits, Candies, Preserves, Nuts, Pickles, Perfumery, Segars, Tobacco, Snuff, Fancy Articles, &c., &c. Garrett's New Brick Building, Greensboro, N. C. 41—1y.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11th, '59.

Death of a Naval Officer—Conviction of several of the Harper's Ferry Insurgents—Official visit of the President to the arsenal and Navy Yard—The Weather—Return of the Postmaster General—Health of Senator Douglas, and family—Member of Congress from Philadelphia.

Captain Thomas Paine of the U S N., died in this City at Brown's Hotel on the 9 h inst. h had been ill for ten days or more, o pneumonia, and every attention was paid to his comfort &c., his daughter and several friends were present at his death Capt. P was severely wounded during the war of 1812 in repulsing an attack upon the American gunboats near Savannah by the boats from a British squadron, by which he was permanently disabled for active service. He was a native of Georgia, but has resided for many years in Charleston, South Carolina, and was in the 74th year of his age

The jury have brought in a verdict against John E. Cook of guilty of murder in the first degree, and inciting slaves to insurrection. The court immediately sentenced Cook and all the other convicts tried since Brown was convicted, to be hung on the 16th of December. It is supposed the Governor will respite Brown to that day, and hang all at the same time. The Court has adjourned for the term.

On last Saturday afternoon, President Buchanan, accompanied by the Mayor, paid an official visit to the Government Arsenal Grounds, the President was saluted by a discharge of cannon and afterwards received by Major Ramsay, commandant of the post, who escorted his distinguished guests through the various shops and store-houses. These were found to be in as good order as possible in all their details, but far inadequate to the wants of the service in almost every particular.—a fault that can only be remedied by an enlargement of the buildings The grounds are kept with commendable neatness On concluding his survey of the Arsenal works, the President proceeded to the Navy Yard, where they were received with Naval honors The marines, (Navy Yard guard) numbering 60 men, were in full uniform, and the Marine Band played a number of national airs.—The officers of the yard met His Excellency in full uniform, and tendered a cordial reception They then accompanied their guests through the several departments of the yard, where the operations of the workmen excited much interest and attention on the part of the visitors.

The drought that has afflicted this region of country for some weeks past, is seriously injuring the prospect of the next year's wheat crop, the seeding of which was finished in all directions for seventy-five miles around the Federal Metropolis, ten days ago That very recently sown has not yet made its appearance above ground, while that earlier sown grows much slower than it should at this season to give promise of a bountiful yield in due time. A good cold rain, to be followed by three weeks of fine wheat growing weather, would change the agricultural prospects very materially for the better

The thirty-sixth Congress will commence in this City three weeks from next Monday, (first Monday December,) and it is said, will be an unusually long session

The Hon. J. Holt has returned to this City from his recent visit to Charleston, S. C and resumed the official duties of his position.

Senator Douglas is now lying quite sick at his residence in this City. he has a very severe attack of the gout, but his physicians place much reliance in his robust constitution. His estimable wife is just recovering from a very severe illness from which she has suffered for a month or more, last week her life was despaired of; their little daughter (now a month old,) is quite well.

Mr Morris, member of Congress from Philadelphia, has arrived here. He, and a few others from elsewhere, will not participate in strict Republican canons, but be ready to vote for any acceptable candidate for speaker of the House, who may be nominated. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Raleigh, N. C., November 14, 1859.

The "boys should not be boys," always—The fine Weather—Thanksgiving coming—"The Silent City of the Dead"—Hon. Ed Stanley—Sale of Land—Attempt to break Jail—Sudden death.

Dear Times:—The Boys! how much of maternal anxiety and paternal hope is centered in those two little words! how much the future welfare of our beloved country depends on some of those who are now rolling hoops or shooting marbles! Many may be inclined to smile when they think what a slender dependence for hope there is here, especially at the South, but we must wait and see how an All-wise Providence raises up instruments to work out the Eternal Counsels of His Infinite Fore-knowledge. There may be a smiling boy, sweetly sleeping by your side at this moment and in his placid face you discover no trace of the volcano of hellish passion slumbering in his bosom, some day to break forth and scatter desolation and ruin on every side; or he may be a wise and prudent statesman, whose smile spreads peace wherever he turns. who rules Senates by the might of his eloquence and at whose appearance the unruly waves of popular commotion tossing and foaming, shall calmly die away at the limit of their power; he lays down the law to them and prescribes a bound over which their utmost fury cannot prevail We say the coming man, who is to do these things, and they *must be done* exists in the present boy. Heaven knows the South, and the North too, has need of his man and Heaven only knows where he is to come from and when. But the Truth lies in this nut-shell: he must be raised to the work; he must be taught to stand like a rock against popular impulse to form a noble standard of Right and to live up to it, and, if need be, to die by it. To have a holy horror of wrong in every shape; above all he must abolish self and resolve that "all his ends shall be his Country's, God's and Truth's."

It must be confessed that the present system of Education lacks much of ability to produce these results; the manly sports, the thorough training of mind and body where have they gone? We have not seen a genteel game of "shinny" or "base ball," since we were a boy, they have all dwindled down into the most contemptible imitations; in those days one side was arrayed against another and whichever "got the game," had to *work* for it; now "shinny" is played by a miscellaneous crowd and instead of running and working, the principal part of the game consists in screaming Even marbles have degenerated: when you got to a safe distance from your adversary you were pretty safe, unless he were an excellent shot; now no matter how far you may be he pronounces some new tangled hocus-pocus word and quietly marches up and takes position by your side to "kill" you This completely ruins the spirit of the game and if we "were a boy again" we would not submit to any such modern imposition.

We are in the enjoyment of the most delightful weather, real Indian summer, almost tempting us back to thin clothing the sky is gloriously blue, the air soft and balmy and the autumn, instead of violent struggles previous to its departure, is dying as calmly and exhibiting as many graces as a consumptive girl. In the midst of all these beauties, we every day see loaded wagons, overrunning with the abundance of good things pass our door, silent witnesses, yet powerful, of the goodness and power of Him, "who doeth all things well." Yet once more we are called on to praise Him in the annual return of Thanksgiving It is a magnificent spectacle and one that shows how truly we are one people, when so many States unitedly raise their voices on high, making this great though inadequate return for so many mercies, conferred on us. The splendor of moonlit-nights too, calls on adventurous parties of citizens to indulge in the hospitalities of their country neighbors; for now is the season of corn-shuckings and possum hunts, but the glories of these scenes are too classic for your pages so we must perforce forbear, rendering up a silent sigh for the remembered, but long buried, reminiscences of our younger days

A visit to our grave yard interests us, showing many pleasing though melancholy evidences of a spirit of improvement and an increasing regard for those precious treasures, so many of us have laid in the dust, "sowing in tears, what we hope to reap in joy" and looking up to that Heaven where we trust we shall receive again those we have lost here. We repeat "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Our grave yard has recently been extended, so as to take in two or three lots and is now bounded by the street on three sides; the new extension, reaching to Newbern Street, the Tarboro road, as it is commonly called.

The Hon. Edward Stanly, formerly distinguished as an enthusiastic Whig and M. C. form the Washington district, accompanied by his lady, spent a day or two in the city last week. He is now a resident of California and was a delegate to the General Convention at Richmond; the lady is a sister of the author of "Flush times of Alabama."

The plantation of the late M. J. Myatt, adjoining the city, and containing about 700 acres of wood and meadows, was sold at Public sale a day or two since for $21-000 to Dr. Bryan Green of Franklin; it also has a valuable Mill attached, immediately on the Fayetteville road. A couple of years since it brought $17.500, which was thought to be a large price.

A very daring attempt to get out of jail was discovered last week; two or three of the stout iron bars were sawed in two one of them in two places, so that a man could easily pass through; it was done as neatly as possible; the window thus tampered with was in the debtor's room; the inmates have been removed to safer quarters

Mr. J. H. DeCarteret, long and well known as a Bookbinder, fell in the Street on his way home, and died soon after he was carried home; he was a native of France. Yours, P. S. S.

Eastern Virginia Conference.

The Eastern Virginia Conference of the Christian Church, met in annual session at Providence, near the City of Norfolk, on the 23rd October. The introductory sermon was delivered by W. B. Wellons, editor of the Christian *Sun*. Thomas J Kilby, Esq., who has presided over the deliberations of the body for ten years past was unanimously re-elected to the office.

The editor of the *Sun* says it was one of the fullest meetings of the kind it had ever been his privelege to attend, and he had been absent from only two annual meetings in 21 years. Every minister in the Conference, but one, was in his place and every lay-delegate, but two. The business was conducted with order and decorum, and the best of feeling existed among the members from the commencement to the close.

APPOINTMENTS

The following arrangements were made for preaching the ensuing year.

Providence and Liberty—*W H. Boykin.*

Jerusalem—*S.S. Barrett.*

Bethlehem, Cypress, Damascus, Antioch and the Lower Parish—*W.B Wellons.*

Holy Neck, Hebron and Union—*R H. Holland.*

Barrett's—*Robert Rawls.*

Elder Thomas Bashaw is expected to take the pastoral charge of Spring Hill church, to spend one Sabbath in each month in W.B. Wellons' charge, and another in R.H. Holland's charge, and a third at some other point.

Elder E. W. Beale, will take a field of labor in the North Carolina Conference.

Elder Uriah Rawls will probably fill a monthly appointment at Holy Neck; Bro. E. Kitchen will preach monthly at Union; Elder Mills Barret will preach among the churches as much as his health and declining years will permit, and Elder M. Barrett will probably travel at large.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT ANNUAL CONFERENCE.—On Tuesday, a resolution was brought before this body, in annual session at Norfolk, to elect messengers to present the fraternal regards and christian love of its members, to the Virginia Conference of the M. E Church.

Rev R. B. Thompson addressed the Conference at length upon the subject with much feeling and great eloquence. He reviewed the doctrines and principles of Methodism as held in common by the churches, and argued that a long night of sectarian separation had hung over them, but the time had come when light was dawning, and the sun was now to be seen looming up above the horizon. The signs of the times seem to indicate that the membership of the two communions desired to extend to each other, as christian ministers and people, the true courtesies of the religion of our common Saviour He urged the Conference to adopt the resolution with something more than the usual formalities.

The resolution was unanimously adopted; and Conference appointed as its messengers, Rev R B Thompson, D. D, and Rev. J. P. Whitefield.

At this point, Rev. Leroy M. Lee, of the M. E Church, addressed the Conference at considerable length upon the great principles involved in the movement, and was listened to with marked attention—He congratulated the Conference upon that unity of spirit which they had evinced by their action, and expressed the hope that the day might come when the two ecclesiastical bodies should become united in one.

Momentous.

The telegraph announces the arrival of the Tennessee at New Orleans yesterday, with Vera Cruz dates of the 8th inst.

The Miramon government has openly become a highway robber. Gen. Marquiza had captured a conducta of two millions five hundred thousand dollars in specie, and appropriated six hundred thousand dollars thereof to himself! Miramon is suspected of complicity in his guilt, as he suddenly quitted the capital with his aids to join him, as was believed to divide with him the treasure.

This money was destined for England and France, and its piratical seizure is almost certain to excite a hostile movement on the part of those powers against Mexico. They will no doubt now discover and deplore their mistake in not having visited their ministers at the city of Mexico, long ago, with their displeasure for continuing relations, and, in fact, encouraging, if not sustaining, a systematized band of the most desperate outlaws that ever were leagued together.

One thing is now quite certain, either the United States will have to take Mexico in hand, or they will have to permit other powers to do so.

Congress ought not to adjourn for the holidays until something upon the subject shall have been effectively done. The question is of the gravest import, and will admit of no procrostination, if we are not utterly faithless to our best political and pecuniary interests.—*The States and Union of Saturday.*

From the North Carolina Presbyterian.

License Men to sell Liquor:—Then What?

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and wo unto him, who putteth his bottle to his neighbor's mouth If it is wrong to put a sword or a revolver into the hands of a madman, would it not be wrong to sell or give our *neighbor* liquor to make him a madman to use the sword or gun? Are we not our brother's keeper, and if liquor cause him to offend, ought we not to keep him from it or it from him? But see what liquor has done, and who is the cause of it? Has it not ruined not only men and families, but nations also; and is it not still doing it? When rulers become drunkards the people may fear and tremble; but alas! when the people become drunkards, what can be done? When the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?'

Oh! what a desperate evil is intemperance, and what thousands of evils does it occasion or produce? Just look over our beloved land, cursed with intemperance Four-fifths or perhaps nine-tenths of the crimes, murders and every kind of wickedness, wretchedness and suffering, arises directly or indirectly from intemperance, from the use of liquor both in small and large quantities. It does much positive harm, and destroys or prevents much good, *how much*, none can tell. Was it not for liquor we would likely have but little use for Court Houses, Jails, Poor houses, Penitentiaries, Asylums, &c. Our taxes would be light and peace and quietness abound. But now the wealthy and temperate must pay for nearly all the mischief liquor does.

Yet we license some men to sell liquor, and thus to *destroy men, human beings, in soul and body, for time and eternity!* If a man would set up a shop to sell poison, and so poison our community, every one would rise up against him. Now liquor is really a poison to a well man, to intoxicate and kill The man who buys it, drinks, suffers and dies, pitied and blamed; but the seller goes free. Christ the author of life is crucified, but Barabbas the murderer is set free. But you may say the seller has a license to do this; yes, and men have had license to sell indulgences, to give people liberty, to do what? To commit sin? Yes, and to be indulged therein. And now the seller has a license not only to give men the liberty, to commit sin, but to force them to commit sin; not only to kill drunkards, but what is far worse, to make drunkards; not only to deprive them and theirs of enjoyment in this life, but also in the life to come; not only to bar heaven, but also to open the gates of hell. And so great was their number in the time of Isaiah the Prophet, (and there number is greater now,) that there was not room in hell and it had to be made larger; for the Prophet says, (18. 5: 14.) "*Therefore hell hath enlarged herself and opened her mouth without measure;* and their glory, and their multitude and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it."

'Oh! ye who license men thus to do, and oh! ye too who do thus, "take heed and beware." Will ye employ men to make you "tenfold more the child of hell," and your children with you, emphatically "the children of the devil, a generation of vipers," and of the old serpent; and when your cup of iniquity is thus prematurely full, to cut you off ere mid-day and send you, one and all, quick to hell, to crowd its portals! And ye licensed men, will ye be agents in such a work! If he who is instrumental in saving many souls shall have them as stars in his crown of rejoicing forever, *what* shall become of the liquor dealer who has been instrumental in the ruin of many? Why did the rich man want his tongue cooled; and why so anxious that his five brethren should not come there? S. B. S.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.—The distinguished and graceful honors extended by the French Emperor to the memory of the late American Minister, will be gratefully appreciated in the United States. They afford another manifestation of the friendly regards of this most powerful of European monarchs to the Republic of the United States, and will tend to keep alive in this country the admiration and respect for our ancient ally, and her Emperor, which are universal in the American mind. France has been endeared to the United States by what she has done, and by what she has not done; for while she assisted us to achieve our independence, she has never publicly nor invdiously made war upon our institutions, and sought to divide our Union and distroy our power. It was almost within cannon sound of Richmond that the soldiers of France and Virginia stood side by side in striking the final blow for American liberty. We rejoice that the links of amity and good fellowship between us are still strong and bright, and trust that the French banners which drooped over all that was mortal of our late illustrious Virginian, may long wave in fraternity and union with the flag of the land which he so ably represented.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steam boat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

GENTLEMENS' FURNISHING STORE.—We are now receiving our stock of Fall and Winter goods, embracing every thing in our line of business our Stock of *Ready Made Clothing* is complete and carefully selected, every Garment is warranted to be well made and of good material. We have also a large assortment of Cloths, Casimeres and Vestings which were selected with great care to suit the wants and purses of all classes and which we will make up in a superior manner and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. A call from the public is most respectfully solicited. We take pleasure in showing our goods, feeling confident that they will recommend themselves upon inspection.

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK.
Greensboro, Sept., 1859. 38-1y.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
In this department our assortment was never better Embracing Children's, Misses', Boy's, Gentlemen and Ladies', Shoes and Boots, to all of which we would particular call the attention of the public.

COLE & AMIS.

EVERY READER OF THE "TIMES," will please notice the advertisement descriptive of MR. SEARS' PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, and send for the Printed Catalogue of all our Illustrated Works.

To the uninitiated in the great art of Selling Books, we would say, that we present a scheme for money making, far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia

Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the Publisher $25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices,) carefully boxed, insured, and directed, affording a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly. Address (post paid)

ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
181 William Street, New York,

GREENSBORO' HIGH SCHOOL
The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August. Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education.

Tuition per session of Twenty weeks $20. One dollar for Contingences is required of each Student in advance

JOHN. E. WHARTON, *Principal.*
June 20, 1859. 178tf.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, PINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, ON Brooklyn Heights, 106 Pierrepont St. Corner of Clinton.

ALFRED GREENLEAF, A. M., } Principals.
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This first class Institution will reopen Sept. 12th with rare facilities for the thorough and accomplished education of young ladies.

For circulars, etc., apply personally or by letter as above

Brooklyn, New York. (Se 3—3mp)

THE OLD NORTH STATE, FOREVER. Look here, friends and Fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the County Agent, for this

New, Large and Magnificent Map

And you will get the whole State, with her Rivers, Rail-roads, Gold, Copper, Lead, Iron and Coal Mines, and all the Cities, Towns and Villages, her noble Mountains and Springs, and her Fields and Flowers.

If you want this GOLDEN PRIZE, now is the time. Map seven feet by five. Border views of the State House, Insane Asylum, Chapel Hill, Male and Female Colleges, &c., &c., one of the *cheapest* and *best* Maps ever published.

PEARCE & BEST,
Hillsboro', N. C. 1859.

AGENTS WANTED for Every County in the State. Terms liberal. Apply as above.
(Oct 8-6m.)

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N C.

SATURDAY, Nov. 19, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, J. WOODRUFF LEWIS, S. J. C. WHITTLESEY, MARY W. JANVRIN, WILLIE E. PABOR, INA CLAYTON, C. G. DUNN, ANNA M. BATES, GRACE MILWOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, ED. ST. GEO. COOKE, Mrs. C. HUTCHINS, GRIFFITH J. McREE. and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD, Mdm. O. W. LeVERT Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, JULIA SOUTHALL, H. A. DWIGHT, J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

$200,00 IN PRIZES.

The Publishers of *The Times* propose giving $200,00 in prizes for the three best Original Stories, scenes laid in America, which may be received by them between this and the 15th of December.

For the best Story.....	$100.00
For the second best.....	50 00
For the third best.....	50.00

These prizes will be awarded the 15th of December, if Stories are received to justify an award. The length of the stories, and the subjects, provided they are of a moral character, will be left to the discretion of the writers. Three impartial judges will make the awards, and to shun all appearance of collusion, manuscripts should be mailed to the publishers of *The Times*, marked "Prize Story," and the name of the writer should be sealed in a separate envelope.

COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Publishers of THE TIMES,
Greensboro', N. C. Sep. 13, 1859.

The New Bible Version.

There is an association called the "Bible Union," professed by their agents to be composed of ministers from all denominations, whose object is the translation of the Bible more correctly than the present version. In reference to the new version, we present some facts as items of news.

In reply to the assertion that the "Union" is composed of ministers of all denominations, we notice a denial in our Methodist and Presbyterian church papers, each placing the responsibility of the move upon the Baptist church. However, the recent Baptist Association, held in this county, refused to co-operate with the agent of the "Union," who was present and urged his claims.

It is more, however, to the new version, than to the responsible church, we wish to call attention. The Tenth Annual Meeting of the "Union" was recently held in N. Y. City. Officers were elected, reports and speeches made, and just before the final adjournment, it was announced that Dr. Conant had succeeded in getting the first five chapters of the Gospel by Matthew through the press in season for distribution at that time, and copies could be purchased at the door. As Dr. Conant is one of the final revisors, we give our readers a few verses from the new version of these five chapters, that they may see what are some of the most important changes:

Chap. 1: 1, Birth-records of Jesus Christ, son of David, son of Abraham.

3: 1, 5, 6, 7. In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were immersed by him in the Jordan confessing their sins. But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees coming to his immersion, he said to them: Brood of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?

11. I indeed immerse you in water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose sandals I am not worthy to bear; he will immerse you in the Holy Spirit and fire.

5: 3. Happy the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

4. Happy they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

5. Happy the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

15. Nor do they light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the lightstand; and it shines to all that are in the house.

This movement has very strong oppositon. We believe the following from the *New York Observer*, will express the views of the oppositionists:

'We know,' says the N.Y. *Observer*, that presenting the above specimen is enough to excite the contempt of every true scholar. But we have a better purpose in view. The reader will perceive that Dr. Conant does not hesitate to say "John the *Baptist*," but his "baptism" he calls *immersion*, and for "baptise" he reads "*immerse*." We put it as a simple fact, intelligible to every one who has two grains of common sense, that if *baptism* should be changed to *immersion*, and *baptise* to *immerse*, then *baptist* should be changed to *immerser*. If a translator has courage to make the two changes, why does he stop at the third? We were told that we were to have a faithful *translation*, that no words were to be transferred from the Greek which could be translated by English words. And this is the result. In the first verse of one of the first chapters of the first book in the New Testament, the translator has given us a Greek word, in defiance of all the pledges made, and in the face of the fact that in the same chapter he finds no difficulty in rendering equivalent words into ordinary English.

'The beatitudes are singularly improved by substituting *happy* for *blessed*! And that *lightstand* in the 5th verse is so neat a word, we wonder that the old translators did not think of it.

'The *Examiner* says that the whole translation is to cost "half a million of dollars!" Throw the money into the sea, immerse it in fifty thousand fathoms of salt water, and it would be put to a better use than in making such a version of the words of the Holy Ghost.'

POEMS BY SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY. New York Rudd & Carleton, 1859.

To meet with such a book is exceedingly rare. We read and re-read it without loss of interest. It has thought, melody, feeling, pictures wrought with exquisite word painting, that charm the mind and hold the heart a prisoner.—We find ourselves all aglow as if listening to stirring music, or meditative, or ready to weep, alternately, as we proceed from piece to piece, partaking unconsciously of the spirit of each.

This book comes to us, a beautiful volume and most beautiful print, without dedication, preface, or comment.—We wish we knew more of the writer, for she is a true poet—a poet that makes you forget the writer; not even notice her beautiful language, though it is beautiful, so completely does it become as it were a mirror by the reflection of which the reader sees as she sees and feels as she feels.

The poems are mostly short, but a few are of considerable length, legendary stories. We have never seen a little book of poems we could more heartily recommend from its intrinsic value.

If we had room, we might copy a number of pieces which would please our readers; but as we have not, our readers should have the book, and we will only give them a specimen taken at random. And how beautiful is this—what thought, what word-painting!

THE SEA-SHELL.

Sadly the murmur, stealing
Through the dim windings of the mazy shell,
Seemeth some ocean mystery concealing
Within its cell;

And ever lowly breathing,
As with the tone of far-off waves at play,
That dreamy murmur through the sea-shell wreathing,
Ne'er dies away.

It is no faint replying
Of distant melodies of wind and wave;
No echo of the ocean-billow, sighing
Through the gem-lit cave.

It is no faint retaining
Of sounds that through those hidden caverns swell;
But some lone ocean-spirit's sad complaining
Within that cell.

"Where are the waters flowing?"
Thus breathes the ever-wailing spirit-tone;
"Where are the bright gems in their beauty glowing,
In cavern lone?"

"I languish for the ocean,—
I pine to view the billow's heaving crest;
I miss the music of its dream-like motion,
That lulled to rest."

"Where are the waters playing?
Where sleeps the cavern's still and gem-lit gloom?
For there, I know, sweet tones and sad, are straying,
That call me home!"

In vain thy plaintive sighing,
Lone ocean sprite,—thy home is far away;
No kindred tones in tenderness replying
Unto thy lay.

Far off the waves are gleaming,
Thy sisters stray 'mid groves of coral fair,
And gem-light through those quiet bowers is streaming;—
Thou art not there!

How like art thou, sad spirit,
To many an one, the lone ones of the earth,
Who in the beauty of their souls inherit
A purer birth.

They who for ever yearning,
Pine for the glory of their distant home,
Unto its half-veiled beauty sadly turning
From earthly gloom.

Whose tones, for ever swelling,
Pour fourth the melody of burning thought;
From the sweet music of that far-off dwelling
An echo caught.

Like thine the plaintive sighing,
Like thine the melody their spirits own;
No kindred voices to their own replying,
No answering tone.

They dream—they dream for ever!
They live in visions beautiful and vain;
And vain, alas! the passionate endeavor
To break their chain.

But *thou*, lone child of ocean,
May'st never more behold thine ocean-foam,
While *they* shall rest from each wild, sad emotion,
And find their home!

In Grecian mythology were two Virgins, we are told by Homer, dwelling upon an island, and detaining every voyager, who was allured thither by their captivating music.

THE SYRENS.

Hither—oh, hither!
Wanderer on the dreary ocean,
Weary of its wild commotion,
Hither flee,—
Here are rest and peace for thee!
Ere the day grow dim and the night grow dark,
Oh, hither speed your lonely barque,—
Hither—hither!
No storms disturb our peaceful isle,
No tempests rock our happy shore,
All in calm repose doth smile,
All is rest forevermore—
Evermore!
Hark! the waves on the echoing shore
Murmur as they softly pour,
"Evermore—evermore!
Peace and rest forevermore!"

Hither—hither!
Wherefore toil on the stormy main?
Wherefore trust to the treacherous sea?
Spare your labor, spare your pain—
Come and rest ye, e'en as we!
All things rest, and why not ye?
All from life has gladness won,—
Why should care be thine alone?
Lo! see ye not how the playful waves
Come laughing up from the restless sea,
Chasing each other in their careless glee,
Merrily—merrily!
And the halcyons swing their snowy breasts,
Up and down on the billows' crests,
That come and go,
To and fro,
Softly, dreamily, and slow,
Murmuring in quiet measure
Lowly tones of drowsy pleasure;
'Till all happy things that glide
Underneath the emerald tide,
Linger, and with wistful eye
Glance them upward silently—
Silently;
Swaying, as they idly lie,
To and fro,
Soft and slow,
To the sea's wild melody.

Hither—hither!
Would you revel in beauty's light,
Come where beauty forever smiles;
Would ye feast upon life's delight,
Haste, oh haste, to our happy isles!
Here, amid wealth of fragrant flowers
Deep in the cooling shade we lie;
Here we rest, while the charmed hours
Float in their languid beauty by—
Over us float as we dreaming lie,
Lazily—lazily!
And we upward reach where the clusters swell
Rich and rare in the opening sun,
And we daintily pluck them, one by one,
And press their juice in a pearly shell;
And our love-lit eyes more brightly shine
As we bathe our lips in the ruby wine;
While over our shoulders white and bare,
O'er blushing cheek and forehead fair,
Falleth a wealth of golden hair—
Waving down, softly down,
From under the perfumed myrtle-crown.
And the spirit of Life, as the wine we sip,
Flushes in heart, and cheek, and lip,
Warming and thrilling us through and through;
And the love and the beauty are all for you—
All for you!
Hither—hither!
Spread your sails to the wooing winds,
Speed your barque to our happy shore,
Where love and joy in a circle binds
The charmed hours forevermore,—
Evermore!
Hark! the waves on the echoing shore
Murmur still as they softly pour,
"Evermore—evermore!
Love and joy forevermore!"

MEETING OF THE LUTHERAN SYNOD.—The annual convocation of Ministers and Delegates of the Lutheran Synod, of South Carolina, assembled at Betheden Church, in Newberry District, on Thursday, 29th ult., at 11, A.M. About one hundred were in attendance. The meeting was opened by a sermon from the Rev. S. Bauknight. At its conclusion the roll was called, and the Synod proceeded to the election of a President for the next term. Rev. D.B.Hort was elected President; Rev. J. H.Hawkins was elected Recording Secretary; Rev. J. A. Brown, Corresponding Secretary.

The next meeting of this body will be held at Luther Chapel, in the town of Newberry, October 25, 1860.

THE GEORGIA LEGISTURE.

We find in our Georgia exchanges the annual message of Gov Joseph E. Brown, as communicated to the Georgia Legislature, now in session at Milledgeville. It is largely devoted to topics of local interest and State affairs, but the following extract will be interesting to many readers in other States:

GEORGIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

It is to be regretted that the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, has not been as prosperous the last year as its friends had anticipated. This may be the result chiefly of our defective legislation for its government. As at present organized, it is under the control and management of a Superintendent, a Board of Trustees and a Board of Visitors, whose powers, respectively, are not well defined. In this conflict of jurisdiction that decision and discipline is wanting which is absolutely necessary in maintaining government in the Institute. The consequence has been that the number of cadets is greatly diminished, and the character of the Institute has suffered in public estimation.

At the end of the last term, Col. A. V. Brumby, the late able superintendent, and Capt. McConnell, late commandant, resigned their respective offices; and Major W. F. Capers, who has for a number of years held a similar position in our sister State of South Carolina, has been elected superintendent, and Captain W. J. McGill, of Charleston, has been elected commandant. These gentlemen have both accepted, and are now at their respective posts, giving, as far as I can learn, general satisfaction. It is to be hoped that with the necessary legislation for the government of the Institute, they may soon be able to restore it in public confidence and raise it to a high state of prosperity. Major Capers yielded reluctantly to the call of the authorities of the Institute, and only upon the guaranty given by the joint board of trustees and visitors that his salary should be made secure. The position which he resigned in Charleston was paying him as large a salary as he is promised in this State, and it was there secured by the State. I therefore recommend that the sum of $2,500 be appropriated to pay the salary of the superintendent, and that this be an annual appropriation for that purpose till the incomes of the Institute become sufficient to defray all its expenses and pay the salaries of all its Professors.

BANKS AND BANKING.

By the second section of the act of 22d December, 1857, usually known as the Bank Act, it is enacted that, "when any bank or banks, now incorporated, or which may hereafter be incorporated, in this State, shall refuse, or fail to pay specie for any of its bills, notes or drafts, or other writing, for which they may be bound, when demanded by any individual, or individuals, shall be liable to suit thereon in any of the courts of law or equity in this State; and such individuals, in addition to the principal of said notes, and the lawful interest thereon, shall receive ten per cent. damages for such refusal, or failure, upon the amount so refused, or failed to be redeemed in specie; and it shall be the duty of all juries, in such cases, to find a verdict in favor of the plaintiff against such bank, or banks, for the principal, interest, and damages," &c.

For the purpose of protecting the people of the State as far as possible against the evils of bank suspensions in future, and of restraining the banks from such reckless and extravagant speculation and over-issues as usually lead to suspension, I recommend that the above recited law be so changed as to make it the duty of the jury, in every such case as that mentioned in the statute, to find for the plaintiff the principal and interest due upon each bank note, or other obligation, which the bank has refused to redeem in specie on demand, with twenty-five per cent. damages; the interest to be computed from the time of the refusal to redeem the note in specie when presented; and that the plaintiff be entitled to judgment at the first term of the court.

I also recommend that the Penal Code of this State be so changed as to declare that a future suspension of specie payment, by any bank in this State, shall be adjudged as conclusive evidence of fraud on the part of the President and Directors of such bank; and that the same be declared to be high misdemeanor; and punished by confinement and hard labor in the Penitentiary of this State for a term not less than five, nor more than ten years; and that the grand jurors of each county in this State, in which a bank located, shall, at the opening of each term of the court, in addition to the oath now prescribed by law, further swear that they will diligently inquire, and true presentment make of all cases of bank suspensions which have occurred in the county since the last term of the court; and in case any grand jury shall present any bank as having suspended specie payment, that it shall be the duty of the Solicitor General forthwith to make out bills of indictment against the President and Directors of such bank. In my last message to the Legislature, I expressed the opinion that, in view of all the imperfections and abuses of our present banking system, we should do all in our power to bring about its complete reformation; and if this be not possible, that we should abandon it entirely. I consider that the people of Georgia have endorsed this opinion; and I respectfully urge upon their Representatives the enactment of such laws as will carry it into practical effect. The liability of the banks and bank officers, should be made so stringent as to deter them in future from trifling with the rights of the people, for the purpose of advancing their own interest and their own speculations.

MINERALOGICAL AND GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

In the event of a future mineralogical and geological survey of the State, one of the rooms in the proposed new building might be used as a cabinet for the deposit of valuable specimens of ores, fossils, &c. I do not doubt that such a survey would bring to light immense wealth, which is now buried in the bosom of our State. I, therefore, renew the recommendation made in my message to the last Legislature, that provision be made by the State for such a survey.

THE TIMES, published at Greensboro, N. C., has again found its way into our sanctum. Some twelve or eighteen months ago we received this paper regularly, and it being a Southern literary paper, we took a great pride in *puffing* it. We blowed and blowed its horn until we could nearly imagine we could feel the earth jar as the vibrations would come in contact with it, when, much to our surprise, about the time our wind was exhausted, THE TIMES came up missing, and we have not received another copy until the number which is before us came to hand. Now, gentlemen, if you are a mind to exchange with us, all right—but if you think by sending us a copy or two of your paper, you will induce us to puff for you again, and then cut us off as you did before, you are simply mistaken. We have got to believe there is some sincerity about you before we can commend you to our readers again. We will wait and see.—*Tallapoosa (Ala.) Times.*

We are not aware of having ever before seen the *Tallapoosa Times*; we are certain it never was upon our mail-books. But since we exchange with *The Banner*, published in the same place, it may have happened by mistake with the postmaster, that the *Tallapoosa Times* received OUR TIMES a few times. Be that as it may, we are glad it so happened; for receiving a large accession to our list from Alabama, no doubt the *puffing* of THE TIMES by *The Times* did good service; and we hereby return our humble acknowledgments, saying further, *The Times* is now upon our mail-book, and we shall not cut its acquaintance in the future.

TEXAS.—A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State Geologist in Texas, who has been making a geological examination of a portion of the State. These surveys have developed the existence of vast deposits of good workable iron ore, which will exercise an important influence on the fortunes of this part of the State. This iron region embraces considerable portions of San Augustine, Sabine, Cherokee, Nocogdoches, Shelby, Rusk, Panola and Smith. Tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone have also been found. These discoveries are of great importance not only to Texas, but to Louisiana and New Orleans especially, and will hasten the construction of rail roads already in progress which connect that city directly with the part of the country in which they have been made.

To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names, and in return we will send circulars and terms. (tf.)

'My son, would you suppose that the Lord's Prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?' 'Well, yes, father if a half dime is as large in every body's eyes as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it on about four times.'

ALTITUDE.—Joe Cose defines the exact height of a lady's ambition to be two little feet.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Remember Me!

For a Young Lady's Album.

Oft as the perfumed zeyhyrs cool thy brow,
And wave thy golden hair,
Oft as the blushing flower in beauty bow,
To thee so fair,
Oft as the sparkling, bright-eyed stars of night
Glitter in heaven's wide sea,
Oft as fond memory brings the past to light,
Remember me!

A Modern Love Affair.

COMPILED FOR "THE TIMES," BY QUEO.

DOC. NO. VIII.—WHICH IS A TRUE AND CERTIFIED COPY OF ANS'R TO DOC. NO. VII.

M——, Feb. 13, 18—.

Dear Nellie:—Again, on Friday, was I almost over-joyed in the receipt of your letter of February 4th. It would have been answered on the day of its coming but for the urgency of business during the day; indeed for the entire week past has my time been employed day and night. On Friday night after tea I rested myself at "uncle's" secretary and "left it not," save to "shake my weary limbs," until breakfast was announced. You will, of course, (you see I understand the natural curiosity of the sex,) wish to know the urgency that demanded such toil. Well, copying one hundred and four pages of an invoice of hardware, preparatory to an assignment. I hav'nt assigned, mind you, and can honestly say, "blessed be nothing." Thus far you may look upon this as an apology for "a very poor letter"

It pleases me much that you give me the credit of sincerity—"cause why?" I *merit* that credit.

I am much surprised at the interest—no, affection which a heart is susceptible of for a being it has never communed with in "dear presence"—a conception in my case not founded upon any defined ideal beauty of person and features; it is an affection springing from *sympathy* with the pure *soul* that your letters breathe.

You have gained (not the easiest thing in the world,) my unbounded confidence, and were it not for the injunction you urged—"be moderate until 'Will' and 'Nellie' become better acquainted," I should assign to your *keeping* that which is *honestly* yours.

As to "all others who may honor me with an answer to my advertisement" I have simply to ask 'Nelly' for permission to decline all correspondence with them. I am confident their letters would not be a source of gratification to me, nor mine to them; and as to their "excelling Nelly"—they *do not*. The letters placed in the hands of my male friends, I, too, "hope they will not turn to any bad account." In future I will *make sure* they do not.

It is a principle with me not to encourage any "hope" that I do not intend to satisfy. In this, thus far, I am quite sure I have been faithful. Not a lady has had reason to call Will a deceiver.

You do not wish "to raise *my* hopes and then cast them thoughtlessly aside." I do, really, love your kindly warnings, for they are at the same time proof positive of a sincere heart.

The "recent gathered flower" shall not be "listlessly dropped" if in my power to retain it. Only permit me to "pursue my joys among the leafy bowers" of Nelly's sweet lines—I am content. Only to think! my *dear Nelly* heart-broken!!

As your first letter was "written in a *joke*," so was my advertisement in *fun*. But the result, so far, cannot be termed mere *fun*. I, at least, consider it *joy*—indeed, the highest this world has yet afforded me. I experience real pleasure in corresponding with my much loved and affectionate parents and sisters, but you need not be told the difference between kindred affection and that which imbues the hearts of two beings holding the relation that I trust you and I may.

Nellie does not wish her "heart's idol to run any risks" or encounter any dangers for the "communion of two hearts almost united in one." I hardly know how to take that. Perhaps it is intended as a rebuke. Whether so or not, I *do* need scolding a little for expressing so choice care of my poor carcase as to allow dangers to prevent a journey to your abode.

Why you should "almost accuse me of the want of etiquette" when I distinctly told you I did not care a straw for it is more than I can understand.

But I know I deserved scolding; and therefore, as I am an obedient boy, please inform me wherein you discovered the slight breach and "I'll sin no more," at least in that particular. You know I gave you leave to scold me whenever I deserve it;—indeed, I am rather fond of being scolded—or rather, I think I should be by Nellie in person. I would just "express my willingness to be forgiven" and with outstretched, open arms receive that forgiveness in an affectionate, sensible way.

I had some fears that Nelly would consider the assumption of the name "Williams" an "unpardonable sin." I thank her for the pardon, also for the "grace" with which she gives me the hope that S—— and Church will easily assimilate.

I informed you in page over, somewhere, that this would be a poor letter, therefore you will not be disappointed; but do pronounce it good, and honor it the very *first* convenient opportunity.

My dear angel may your path ever be amongst flowers, and in the presence of those whose sympathies are as your own.

I had quite forgotten to notice your kind guardian, and, indeed, now that I think of it, it is rather a source of embarrassment. How to address a gentleman on so delicate a subject, under the very extraordinary circumstances of this correspondence, (its beginning &c.,) is rather a poser.

It is highly proper that we both have his consent, and the sooner the better.—However, I will wait your answer to this letter, and will ask you to favor me with a slight description of his character, disposition &c., that my letter to him may the more surely prove a success.

You perceive I am somewhat deceptive, not always expressing myself fully; and this perhaps is fortunate. Were it not so every line would commence—"my dear darling angel Nelly," and you would soon petition for *quarters* for the accommodation of your lover in the Insane Asylum.

My promise to send my likeness will be broken this time, but if you really wish it, why, I will send it.

I almost fear you will be wearied with so much reading; but it is a great pleasure to me—this converse with Nelly.

May I ask you to dictate the time I shall ask leave of your guardian to "formally address" you?

Sweet slumbers, and dreams of Heaven by night, peace and happiness by day, be with my angel Nellie. WILL H. S—.

P. S.—Monday. I this morning received the February number of the Advocate which I send you. "Lida," you will perceive, "likes my description very much;" but so long as my angel Neilie favors me, so long am I happy with her alone. I think "Lida" must need a "governor" from her preference.

I send a stamp in accordance with Mr. Miner's directions. Don't scold any.

W. H. S.

Think of that ye married and single!—"heart's idol!"—and *angel* in three separate individual places in one short (?) letter!! Think of it ye green young pimpkins not yet fully fledged who dare not look your mistresses square in the face much less walk home with them o' Sunday nights from meetin'. Think of it ye homely old curmudgeons who have no mistresses to look at and who always meet with failure in all attempts to 'set up in partnership.'

Not satisfied with the vent he had given to his feelings in the above, Will H. S—farther discovers himself in two additional effusions. One he steals from Byron and appropriates—the other he manufactures to order. They are both classed under the head of

DOC. NO. IX.—ST. VALENTINE IN THE HARNESS, AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES FROM WILL H. S——.

My Angel Nellie.

BY ST. VALENTINE.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and light
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;—
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more one ray the less
Had half impaired the nameless grace,
Which waves in every auburn tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face
When thoughts serenely sweet express
How *pure*, how *dear*, their *dwelling-place*.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet *eloquent*,
The *words* that *win*, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A *heart* whose *love* is *innocent*.

M——, Feb. 14.

Feb. 16, 18—.

I suppose Nellie'll be accusing Will of another 'breach of etiquette' sending her a valentine and just as good as putting his signature to the document.—Go ahead—he does *so* love to be scolded by Nellie that he'll do anything to bring her "gently chiding notes" upon his devoted head.

I last evening received a letter from one Miss H. W——, of Portage City, Wis., which I am in duty bound to answer. It was not intended for me exactly. I had the verdancy to give Miss W.'s first letter (in answer to my advertisement) to one Oliver Black upon his faithful promise to use his own signature and to write to her in good faith. He was such a simpleton as to use the name I passed in the advertisement. Consequently "Williams" opened the answer.

Mr. Black stated to her that he had passed the last three years in Europe, but she did not give him the credit of telling the truth, and was not in the least complimentary to him in any particular. In fact she gave him about the completest "dressing down" I ever heard of in any quarter. I will send you the letter if I can again get it of B. His sensations can only be imagined—he said not a word.

In the Home Magazine there is nothing very entertaining, but it is the most suitable one in market.

Safe be your slumbers in the arms of your guardian angel is the earnest prayer of WILL H. S.

DOC. NO. X.—WHICH IS A LETTER FROM NELLIE CONTAINING SOME FINE THINGS AND MANY FOOLISH ONES.

L——, Mich., Feb., 18—.

Dear Willie:—Your dear letter came to hand in due season. How can you say I would get tired reading such long ones. They are not half long enough. I could set and read one of your charming letters even if it was written to the heathen till "the sma' twa hours o'morning."

I read and re-read and sighed to think that we were such a distance from each other. But the "old man of the glass and scythe" will soon pass on. How we chide him for moving so fast—how we complain because he does not move faster! Alas, for poor, frail human nature!—You see Nellie can moralize a little, but how it looks in a love letter! I will forbear.

I can't (see Webster's Unabridged for definition) scold, and if I could, would I let you know it before that peculiar knot is tied? Not I. And after? If I ever attempt to scold you will close my lips with a kiss will you? If I ever wanted to scold it was when I took your letter from the office instead of your likeness. How could you make me wait another week. If you ever expect to *join a church* you should not linger so long on the *anxious seat*, much less keep others there.

If you really wish my advice I will give it—At the same time you put the likeness into the office send a letter to my guardian. He will be astonished, perhaps angry, but I will do what I can to allay the one and appease the other, and who knows but I may be successful.

Pardon this short letter—my head aches as severely I can hardly sit up.

Yours sincerely, NELLIE.

DOC. NO. XI.

Will H. S——, 'lays himself out' on three pages of *fools*-cap (appropriate), and indites a formidable missive to the uncle and guardian of Miss Nellie.

——, Wis., Feb. 27, 18—.

My Dear Nellie:—My heathenish epistles are not half long enough eh?—Well as you see I have procured paper of more huge dimensions.

Your short and sweet letter came to my hands on Thursday evening after having endured unknown abuse from the rolling of wheels and trampling of feet. To explain—a boy went for our mail on Thursday morning and on his return dropped your letter in the street. The good spirits guarded it—as they ever do sacred treasures—and it came to me slightly soiled upon the outside but with the heart as unsullied as the soul of her who sent it. *Your* letters are not half long enough, but I will not complain. Indeed, I had rather have short ones than that you should delay another mail for the purpose of enlarging.

Nelly, don't scold at the venerable old gentleman—time. Though he seems too slow for our desires now remember he waits for no one. One good parson says (and sticks to it) that we may all see the hour when worlds, were they ours, would be given for but one moment. I am inclined to believe that the parson's right. Indeed, since I have come to revere the *Church* I am sure the *parson* would not appear much out of character in the place assigned him; or, more plainly—a *church* and a *parson* would give Will more real happiness than he ever before experienced from connection with that "institution."

"We are all born for some good end," so writes some one. Nellie, Will does not propose to preach a lengthy sermon from that text though if he ever felt disposed to moralize he feels thus to-day. I have several reasons for feeling thus, one of which is an approaching crisis in business the result of which cannot be foretold.

On Wednesday last a boy was drowned in our river. The little fellow was eight years old and my especial favorite. His death adds grief to anxiety. Last Sabbath he returned with me from church as happy and joyous as the bright May morning—through his young veins the life-stream was coursing along as impetuously as a rivulet leaping over rock and pebble down the hill-side. Now are those life-streams frozen, and those joyous notes hushed forever. Is the spirit of little George less happy now than last Sabbath?

Really I do not believe you can scold much, but if you should you know the penalty.

I have a picture, taken last fall, which does not very much resemble the 'modern Will.' If I am not too blue to-morrow I will sit for another which I will mail immediately. I shall be much disappointed if I do not receive yours next week.

I enclose a letter to "Uncle L. W." which meeting your approbation you can seal and deliver. With what anxiety shall I await his decision. Oh, for a favorable answer, and your dear likeness! Moment of bliss beyond expression dear, make haste and delay not.—At any time after the first of April you need not be surprised to see a six-footer walking towards you.

I want you to understand that I have passed the "anxious seat." I am now a "probationer" awaiting "confirmation" of your uncle, which being somewhat dubious I am more than anxious.

A friend has come in and he and my sister's babies make such a confounded racket that I am all confused. Now, my dear girl, do excuse this miserable letter from Your sincere friend,

WILL H. S.

Mr. L. W. Roberts:

Respected Sir,—I am told by one near and dear to you that you will be surprised, astonished, and angry, upon reading what this letter reveals. The circumstances attending the opening of a correspondence between Miss Nellie M. Church and William H. S—, were somewhat extraordinary, hence, I feel perhaps, a natural diffidence in soliciting your consent to a continuance thereof, and more or less misgiving as to the result of said solicitation. It is not only desirable but highly proper that your permission be gained—hence my present letter. To Miss Nellie I leave the task of informing you of the manner in which it commenced.

In your ward I discover that purity and beauty of *mind* which cannot fail to elicit a sympathy entirely disconnected with passion—a sympathy of *soul*. Without intruding farther I earnestly ask of you permission to formally address her. I would say that as a man my character is irreproachable, and that my father's family is of the highest respectability.

In the hope that you will favor me with an answer at your earliest convenience,

I am, truly yours,

Wm. H. S.

DOC. NO. XII.

A very long and a very foolish letter from a young Miss who is fully determined to have her own way yet pretends to defer to the wishes of her uncle. A very minute account is given of the manner in which a certain 'formal' document was received, and many comments made thereon which are of little importance. The reader who is in a hurry to know the upshot of the whole matter is advised to avoid the following pages and apply to the compiler who can give him any desired information in six concise words.

L——, March 6, 18—.

Friend Will:—Your letter of "huge dimensions" came to hand on the 4th inst. I delayed answering until to-day so that I would have all day Saturday in which to get you "confirmed." I will now give you a minute history of the manner in which I endeavored to gain my uncle's consent. This will perhaps give you a little insight to his character.

Uncle Lee came home to tea at the usual time somewhat out of temper. Business at home had not suited him, and a firm abroad had failed, involving him to some extent. Thinks I now I will see what a woman can do. So I warmed his slippers, chatted with him awhile, and finally got him into good humor. Then I put your advertisement into his hands.—He read it quite through and then asked "what of it?" I replied quietly as possible "I have been corresponding with the gentleman." "What?"—a little excited—"what is that you say?" I repeated my first answer. "What on earth is the girl thinking about." He looked very angry I assure you. "Are all your acquaintances dead that you must seek correspondents in this ridiculously clandestine manner?" I put my handkerchief ty my eyes. At last, after looking at me oh, so severely several minutes, he settled back in his chair and read the advertisement through again. I went to him and begged him to tell me his objections to my system of correspondence. His only answer was a request to see the letters. I went and got a copy of my first (I keep copies of all my letters, don't you?) and gave it to him. He read it, coughed a little, and then said "he answered it did he not?" I handed your first to him. He smiled at the "kitchen department" and then asked,

"How many letters have you received?"

"Oh, three or four."

"Where are they?" I did not wish to show them but appeared willing so I gave him all including your letter addressed to him. He did not say a word until he had quite finished reading the last one. "Humph" was his first exclamation—second, "young man of some talent I see"—third, "promised his likeness three times"—(there, Mr. Will, is the rub) you will pardon me for speaking plain, but he is a man that believes in fulfilling promises to the very letter. The good effects your charming letters had produced were almost wholly destroyed by that one thing—"you may write only once more without my consent,"—fifth, "I will wait farther developments before I write." He then gathered up the letters, put them into his pocket, and went to his room.

Dear Will, the task is done. I felt while he was uttering those short sentences, with intervals of about five minutes between, as though I was on the "anxious seat," and to tell the truth I was. Oh, dear! I wish I could read the thoughts of other people. I know he was somewhat pained to think I had taken such a step, but time will soon pass away, and we shall be obliged to wait until he thinks the whole matter over thoroughly. It may be a week, perhaps more before he will write to you. He *may not* write at all. His actions to me this time were entirely beyond my comprehension.

This is necessarily my last letter without consulting him, but remember you are not restricted in the least, and I shall so hope to hear from you very, very often.

I sincerely sympathise with you on the loss of your young friend. Yes, I believe that little George is far happier in his new abode with the angels.

While I was very busily writing the above my uncle opened the door to tell me that he had concluded to write to you. What he will write I do not know and from his words cannot guess.

Do answer immediately.

Adieu, NELLIE.

DOC. NO. XIII.

The stern uncle vouchsafes a short answer to so much of Doc. No. 11, as was considered 'formal,' and which so intimately concerned his beloved niece. It contains some grains of natural affection, and is a trifle crusty withal.

L——, Mich., March 8, 18—.

W. H. S.—Sir I have been carefully reading the somewhat voluminous correspondence between my niece and yourself. When the matter was first made known to me I was indignant and angry. Nothing but the love I bear my dear niece (God bless her) will ever cause me to forgive the imprudent step she has taken. As for you, sir, I know nothing of yourself, your parents, or your antecedents. In looking over your letters I find you have promised to send your likeness at three different times. Have you sent it? Have you not rather broken your word? Does that look like sincerity? I reprimanded my niece for containuing to write after she had told you that she should require your likeness as proof of your sincerity. I have forbidden her to write until she does receive it.

I know, however, what love is. I was once young myself, !!! (interjectious by the compiler.) She I have no doubt will write to you for love knows no command.

You have my permission to address her *provided* I am suited with the *likeness*. I am something of a physiognomist, and understand a little of human nature.—Do not think I am perfectly assured by your letters. Deception can invent many plausible texts.

Yours, L. W. ROBERTS.

DOC. NO. XIV.

In reading the first part of which no doubt the reader will think of straight jackets and other things used to aid people to recover their wits.

M——, Mis., March 13, 18—.

Dear Nellie:—What a bright *May* morning! Morning more glorious and and beautiful in nature's endowments, never dawned upon earth!

Breakfast over your exhilerated humble servant made good time for the post office. "Box 134." "Hurrah for *Bill* and I." In goes Nellie's letter into Will's new hat, and he walks along quite innocently by the side of his uncle reading a newspaper, until, coming to the bridge, Will suddenly recollected that he had not made his accustomed visit to the *barber shop*. So he turns back, and in a fit of stupid abstraction passes his barberous friends without even a thought. In a few moments more he 's on the beach listening to Nelly's charming conversation. Dear, darling Nellie, how can I thank you for all the good things your last letter contains. I trust a life devoted to your service will cancel the debt in some small part.

This grand Sabbath morning! And now the church bells fill the air with music. The joy within, combined with the gladness of all things around, has so raised my spirits that I fear I am hardly in a worshiping mood. I wish Nellie was here to-day—I rather suspect Willie would claim the privilege of walking with her to church.

The rub is indeed, rather embarrassing; but a word or two will, I am sure, explain away any seeming inconsistencies between my promises and actions. We have no first class artist here, and my promise was based upon the expectation of visiting a neighboring city two weeks since. The visit did not take place as anticipated, and so my promise was broken. I hasten now to send the picture spoken of in a former letter, though I am not over sanguine as to the impression it will make on your uncle.

I will not hazard a positive assertion as to your uncle's employment or profession from the slight insight into his character with which you favored me. Is he a *clergyman?*

This will necessarily be brief for in company with my sister-aunt, I am to attend church at a place six miles distant.

Give my likeness one sincere kiss of welcome will you not my darling? On Friday or Saturday I shall expect to enjoy that much of bliss from the receipt of yours. Farewell dear Nellie,

WILL H. S.

Accompanying the foregoing very affectionate epistle was the daguerreotype of as spruce a young gentleman, as good clothes as the middle of the nineteenth century could well 'get up.' We will not describe the picture but leave that task to those sensitive young ladies who have followed us through this senseless waste of time and ink supposing all the time that they were reading the details of a genuine love story. Suffice it for us to

say that Nelly was eminently satisfied and that the next post carried to the hands of the waiting and anxious Will a picture and

DOC NO. XV.

Which contains a startling denouement, after reading which the devoted Will H. S—— dreams of thunderbolts and earthquakes and is indisposed to meet his confidential friends for thirteen consecutive days thereafter.

L——, Mich., March 17, 18—.

W. H. S——:

Dear Sir.—It gives me much pleasure to be able to inform you that Miss Nellie M. Church, *alias* L. W. Roberts, existed only in the imagination of a student of the A——College at L—— When I answered your advertisement I had no idea that the bait would be so readily nibbled But you are well aware doubtless that *suckers* bite best at this season of the year and that *badgers*, by certain peculiarities are easily discovered at all seasons no matter what their lurking place. If you have imagined Nellie heart-broken you will perceive it could have been caused only by excessive laughter.

I still hope this affair may have a happy termination. Believe me when I say that the original of the enclosed portrait has as warm an affection for you as you could possibly have entertained for Nelly

Comment is unnecessary.

Respectfully,
Your ob't sv't.,
W. R. LEE.

The portrait referred to was a daguerreotype of one of the most unsightly looking females that ever blasted the eyesight of respectability. Whether Mr. Will had any desire to kiss it deponent saith not but we can well imagine that he pocketed it and his wrath, and went about for an indefinite period thereafter with the certain conviction that the letters S O L D had been burned into his brow with a red hot iron

We feel confident that with so ample a text we could preach a short sermon, but forbear from the conviction that the moral is plainly upon the surface. Should any one feel dissatisfied with the termination of the affair we can only advise them to advertise, that they may meet a like experience, assuring them that we shall at any and all times be most happy to make their folly known to the world.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS: $2 00 per year, in advance; Clubs of ten and over, $1 50, each.

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

EMORY AND HENRY COLLEGE.—The contest between the literary societies of Emory and Henry College, Virginia, is quite an anniversary with the students and friends of that Institution. It takes place the 12th January, 1860. The following is the result of the recent election for speakers: *Hermesian Society*—Garnet McMillan of Ga, W. P. Welch of N.C., B.F. Turner of Va., Aaron S. Minns of Tenn.; *Calliopian Society*—R. H. Parker of La., T. M. Hoyle of Tenn., T. E. Minn of Ga., H. C. Neal of Tenn.

GAS.—It has been proposed to hold a public meeting of the citizens of Greensboro in the Court House, on Saturday, 19th inst., at 2 o'clock, P. M., to consider the subject of lighting the streets by Gas. We hope the meeting will be a full one, that a united action may be had by the citizens. An estimate being given by the "Gas Company" for the cost of the fixtures first, and of the probable cost of the lights annually, will enable the meeting to act understandingly.

We learn from the Bennettsville *Son of Temperance* that the Annual Session of the Grand Division of South Carolina will commence in Columbia, at 10 o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday, November 30.

INTERESTING MEETING:—Rev. J. Henry Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church in this place, is holding a series of interesting meetings at his church this week; preaching every night.

There were forty persons present at the first enquirers' meeting, and the congregations are very large and attentive.

Celebration of Schiller's Birthday.

The Germans celebrated the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birthday. (the 10th,) in almost every city in the Union. In New Orleans they made a magnificent display. At Pittsburg a civic and military procession consisting of the various German Societies, Turners, and several volunteer companies, paraded, bearing appropriate banners and other devices, with many bands of music. During the afternoon a mass meeting was held at the Masonic Hall, where several orations and speeches were delivered, and a concert was given in the evening, at which several of Schiller's songs and a grand tableau of the Song of the Bell were the principal features of the occasion. At Louisville, Detroit, and Chicago, processions, orations banquets, balls, and concerts, were the order of the day.

Though Schiller inherited a language harsh, gutteral, and comparatively unknown; yet no man has done more to raise it to a position of dignity and honor and to compel all the world to do homage to its capabilities, by working out its strength, its melody and its grace, and enriching it with his wonderful creations

To such a man the gratitude of a nation is due, and the Germans have not been forgetful of their duty.

John Christopher Frederic Von Schiller was born at arbach, in Wirtemberg, in 1759 After having studied medicine, and become surgeon in a regiment, he, in his 22nd year, wrote his tragedy of "The Robbers," which at once raised him to the fore most rank among the dramatists of his country. But some passages of a revolutionary tendency having incurred the displeasure of the duke of Wirtemberg, he left Stuttgard by stealth, and made his way to Monheim, where, after various wonderings and many hardships he got his tragedy of "Friesco" brought out on the stage.

The tragedies of "Cabal and Love" and "Don Carlos" were his next productions In 1785 he repaired to Leipsic and Dresden, where he found many admirers. Here he wrote his singular romance called the "Geisterseher," and his "Philosophical Letters," and collected materials for a "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands, under Phillip II."

In 1787 he repaired to Weirmer, where he was welcomed with great warmth by Wieland and Herder, undertook the management of a periodical called the "German Mercury," and not long afterwards made the acquaintance of Goethe, which soon ripened into friendship only dissolved by death. In 1789 he was appointed to the chair of history in the university of Jena, and besides lecturing to crowded audiencies, he published his celebrated "History of the Thirty Years' War," and engaged in various literary enterprises, which have more or less had great influence on the literature of Germany. "Die Haren" and "Der Musen-Almanach," to which the most eminent men in Germany contributed, belong to this category. He soon after settled at Weimar, in order to direct the theater in conjunction with Goethe, in accordance with their mutual tastes and opinions; and here he at intervals published the works which, together with those above mentioned, have immortalized his name. Among these are "Joan of Arc," "Mary Stuart," "Wallenstein," "William Tell," "History of the Remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions in the Middle and Latter Ages," &c. He died in 1805.

The Treaty with Mexico.

The Washington *States and Union* of Saturday has the following, in relation to Mexico, on the "dits of the day:"

Not a doubt is now entertained, as we learn from a source upon which we can confidently rely, that Mr. McLane will conclude definitely such a treaty with the government of Mexico, by the first of December, as will be certain to receive the sanction of the Senate.

Senor Lerdo will reach Vera Cruz on the 18th inst The Brooklyn, with Mr. McLane on board, will arrive there about the 20th

The Liberalists are in complete possession of seventeen of the Mexican States, as well as all the seaports. They are receiving supplies daily of arms and ammunition, and cannot fail, with the numerous advantages they enjoy, to hem in Miramon, if he has not eloped, and take possession of the capital.

The *quid nunes* state that Mr. Buchanan will devote no inconsiderable portion of his forthcoming message to Mexican affairs, recommending a protectorate over that country of such character as will prevent a recurrence of the outlawry which has ruled there recently to the great detriment of American interests, and the enormous wrongs committed against American citizens.

SOUTH CAROLINA STATE FAIR.—At this Fair, held in Columbia last week, we notice that premiums were awarded to the following persons from this State:

To P. S. Whisnant, Charlotte, for Patent Submerged Pump, a silver medal.—To A. B. Chum & Co., Asheville, for Bureau. To N. Boyden & Son, Salisbury, for Plows, and the largest collection of Southern Agricultural Implements, four premiums. To J. H. Thompson Davidson, for Patent Double Wagon, Corn Sheller and Set Wagon Harness, three premiums. To Gen. W. C. Means, Cabarrus, for Heavy Draft Gelding. To Westbrook & Mendenhall, Greensboro', for largest variety of Apples, 95 varieties, and largest collection of Pears, 50 varieties, two premiums. To C W. Hoyle, Groton, for second best dried Apples. To Mrs. Gen. W C. Means, for specimen Hair Work To Mrs. Kennedy, Wilmington, for Cake Cover, cut in paper. To Miss Burch and Miss Jennie Thomas, of Thomasville, for Ottoman Covers, premiums.

Judge Douglas is alarmingly ill.—Sunday night a council of physicians were in attendance all night.

The South Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South, will meet at Greenville on Wednesday, 30th inst.

PRIVATE CORNER

The "Corner" begs pardon of its friends for the neglect of the past few weeks. It is hoped the converse, while the glow of the bright winter fire shines on the hearth, will be pleasant, especially to all who sit in the "Corner."

FINLEY JOHNSON—The sketch, "William Waters, or the Misanthrope," is received. We will state in this connection that Mr. Johnson has moved from Baltimore to New York, where correspondents will address him hereafter.

JULIA SOUTHALL—"The Magic Bells" is received, and though we have not as yet had an opportunity to read it, yet we believe a rich story is in waiting for "little folks and grown up children." "Two Lines" also received.

A. W.....—"The Well of Remembrance" is beautiful; the figure is admirably sustained, and we are happy to add your name to our list of contributors. We shall be pleased to hear from you again.

LEWIS C. G MILLAR—Your little story we have read with much interest and pleasure. Will publish it next week.—Will write you soon.

The "Corner" acknowledges with pleasure, also, the receipt of a nice sketch in flowing rhyme of twenty three stanzas from Mabel Lansing; a prose sketch and a poem from Paul Rivinwood; two pretty little poems from Ina Clayton; and a sketch by Wanderer.

A LIKELY NEGRO MAN

WILL be sold in Greensboro on Tuesday of November Court, 22d inst, to the highest bidder. GEO. ALBRIGHT.

Nov. 17, 1859.

THE RICHMOND WEEKLY DISPATCH!

A BRILLIANT ORIGINAL STORY! Upon making recent improvements in the WEEKLY DISPATCH, which have largely added to its popularity and extensive circulation, it was intimated that from time to time original stories from some of our most accomplished writers should appear in its columns. The first of these, a story from the brilliant pen of the author of "Mozis Addums' Letters," promised for some time, is now completed, and its publication will be commenced in the weekly Dispatch of November 25th. This story, located in this city and some of the interior counties, is entitled:

"*WEDLOCK IS A TICKLISH THING;*" *A "big Story" about the Happiest Couple in Richmond. By the Author of the* LETTERS OF MOZIS ADDUMS.

We may congratulate our readers upon the treat in store for them. This brilliant story abounds in exquisite wit, pungent satire, and the most irresistable humor. It will be continued in weekly parts for some five or six weeks. Those who desire to read this fine story, which has been copyrighted for the *Dispatch*, should subscribe at once to the Weekly. Subscription per annum only one dollar in advance. Single copies 3 cents. Address "Proprietors Weekly Dispatch," Richmond.

46—3t.

LOOK AT THIS.

W. C. DONNELL having purchased the Photographic Gallery, formerly owned by R. L. Donnell, is taking pictures at

Fifty Cents and upwards!!

Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please he makes NO CHARGE.

Room second Story Garrett's Brick Building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

Greensboro, 1859. 38-1y.

BROGANS! BROGANS!!

Best Double Sole Brogans	$1.50
Good " " "	1 25
Good single " "	1.00

For sale at BOONE'S.

October, 11. 41—

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—For the rapid cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption, is universally known as the best remedy ever yet discovered for every variety of Pulmonary disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incident to our climate. By its timely use many, nay almost any attacks of disease upon the Lungs or throat are arrested, and thus are saved many thousands every year from a premature grave. No family should be without it, and those who do neglect to provide themselves with a remedy which wards off this dangerous class of diseases will have cause to deplore it when it is too late.—Proofs of the surprising efficacy of the Cherry Pectoral need not to be given to the American people—they have living proofs in every neighborhood. But those who wish to read the statements of those whose whole health has been restored and whose lives have been saved by its use, will find them in my American Almanac which the agent below named has to furnish gratis for every one.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass., and sold by PORTER & GORRELL,

46—3w. Greensboro, N. C.

THE GLOBE: THE OFFICIAL *PAPER OF CONGRESS!*

I publish now my annual prospectus of the Daily Globe and the Congressional Globe and Appendix to remind Subscribers, and inform those who may desire to subscribe, that Congress will meet on the 1st day of next December, when I shall recommence publishing the above named papers. They have been published so long, that most public men know their character, and therefore I deem it needless to give a minute account of the kind of matter they will contain.

The Daily Globe will contain a report of the debates in both branches of Congress as taken down by reporters equal, at least to any corps of short hand writers in this or any other country. A majority of them will, each, be able to report, *verbatim*, ten thousand words an hour, while the average number of words spoken by fluent speakers rarely exceed seven thousand five hundred an hour. When the debates of a day do not make more than forty-five columns, they will appear in the Daily Globe of the next morning, which will contain also, the news of the day, together with such editorial articles as may be suggested by passing events.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix will contain a report of all the debates in Congress revised by the speakers, the messages of the President of the United States, the annual reports of the heads of the Executive Departments, the laws passed during the session, and copious indexes to all They will be printed on a double royal sheet, in book form, royal quarto size, each number containing sixteen pages The whole will make, it is believed, between 3,800 and 3,900 pages, the long sessions for many years past having ranged between those numbers, and the next session will be a long one. This, I believe, is the cheapest work ever sold in any country, whether a reprint, or printed from manuscript copy, taking for *data* the average number of words of the long session since the year 1848 The average number of pages is 3,876 and the average number of words on a page is 2,397, consequently the average number of words of a long session is 9,290,773. As I have sold to subscribers that number of words for six dollars, it follows that they have paid less than six and one half cents for every 100,000 words I have furnished them, while I have paid my reporters $6 29 for every 2,397 words of this work in manuscript

The coming session will, without doubt, be an unusually interesting one, because the candidates of the respective parties for President and Vice-President of the United States will be nominated before it closes, and therefore the debates will be mostly on such political questions as, it may be thought, will tend to influence public opinion in regard to the persons to be supported for these offices, and the Globe will be, as it has been for many years past, the only source from which the full debates of Congress can be obtained.

The Congressional Globe and Appendix pass free through the mails of the United States, as will be seen by reading the following Joint Resolution passed by Congress the 6th of Aug., 1852:

Joint Resolution providing for the distribution of the Laws of Congress and the Debates thereon.

With a view to the cheap circulation of the laws of Congress and the debates contributing to the true interpretation thereof, and to make free the communication between the representative and constituent bodies—

Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the present session of Congress, the Congressional Globe and Appendix, which contain the laws and debates thereon, shall pass free through the mails so long as the same shall be published by order of Congress: *Provided*, That nothing herein shall be construed to authorize the circulation of the Daily Globe free of postage.

Approved August 6, 1852.

Terms:

For a copy of the Daily Globe, during the session, $5.00. For one copy of the Congressional Globe and Appendix, during the session, 6 00 For two copies ditto, when ordered at the same time, 10.00.

No attention will be paid to any order unless the mony accompanies it.

Bank notes, current in the section of the country where a subscriber resides, wil be received at par. The whole or any part of the subscription may be remitted in postage stamps, which is preferable to any currency, except gold or silver.

I cannot afford to exchange with all the newspapers that desire the Globe; but I will send the Daily Globe during the session to the editors of those papers who publish this Prospectus three times before the first Monday of next December, and sending me one number of their paper containing it, marked with a pen to direct my attention. JOHN C. RIVES.

Washington, Oct. 57, 1859. 46—3t.

New Orleans Nov. 11.—Cotton middling 10⅞ to 11⅛.

Mobile, Nov. 11.—Cotton middling 10¾.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Nov. 9
Reported expressly for the Times
By Cole & Amis.

Bacon 12@15; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 25; Butter 20@; Coffee 12a15, Candles, Tallow 20@25. Adamantine 28@30, Sperm 40@45; Corn 0@1.00 Meal 0@1.00, Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 0.80; Hides, green 5 dried 10, Hay 50@00, Lard 12½@ 5, Molasses 33@40; Nails 6@7; Oats 30; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@ 4.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 15, crush 1 15, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15. Wheat 90@1 00. Wool 25@30.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y 105-tf.

CALEB G. DUNN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR at Law. **80 Nassau St. New York.** ☞ Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y.

J. W. EVANS' NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va. Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE, **ATTORNEY AT LAW,** CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, *HIGH POINT, N. C.,* ☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 11:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

JAMES S. PATTERSON, PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York. Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-1y

NEW FIRM. PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to **T. J. Patrick,** Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS. Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

COLE & AMIS. **1859.** FALL TRADE. **1859.** We take this opportunity of announcing to the citizens of Greensboro, and to the public generally, that we are now in receipt of one of the largest stock of goods that we have ever offered in this place. In our stock may be found a full assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's dress goods, and every style of goods adapted to the season In all of which we challenge competition both in price and quality. Greensboro, Nov. 1st, 1859.

READY MADE CLOTHING, Our stock is complete including Over-Coats, Coats, Vests and Pants in great variety. Do not purchase before examining our assortment. COLE & AMIS. Nov. 1st 1859.

GROCERIES. Sole Leather, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Linseed and Tanner's Oil, Cheese, Nails and everything appertaining to the Grocery trade. Besides a full assortment of Wood-Ware at COLE & AMIS'. Nov. 1st 1859.

KERSEY LINSEY. Negro Blankets, Stripes and Plaids 4 & ¾. Brown and Bleached cotton Cloths, Satinets, Casimeres, Cloths, Tweed Jeans, North Carolina Jeans, Ticking and Flannels at COLE & AMIS'. Nov. 1st 1859.

GENTLEMEN May find an assortment of Oakford's silk and casimere Hats of the latest city style at COLE & AMIS' Nov. 1st 1859.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY IN favor of the OXYGENATED BITTERS. WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10.—Having made use of the OXYGENATED BITTERS, prepared by Dr. George B. Green, of Windsor, Vt, and from knowledge obtained of their efficacy in other cases, we cheerfully recommend them to the public, believing they will fully sustain the recommendation of the proprietor We hope that this valuable remedy may be accessible to all the afflicted.

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WILLIAM UPHUM, U. S. Senator from Vt
JAMES F. SIMMONS, U S. Sen. from R. I.
J. T. MOREHEAD, U. S. Sen, and formerly Governor of Kentucky.
L. H. ARNOLD, formerly Governor of R. I
WM WOODBRIDGE, late Gov of Michigan.

Its success in severe cases of DYSPEPSIA, ASTHMA, and GENERAL DEBILITY of the system, places it among the most wonderful discoveries in medical science, and has given it a reputation far beyond any remedy known for these complaints, in all their various forms.

SETH W. FOWLE & Co, Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases.

In times of Epidemics, it is the object of this Institution to establish Hospitals, to provide Nurses, Physicians, Clothing, Food, Medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of Epidemics, the Directors have authorized the Consulting Surgeon to give *Medical Advice Gratis* to all persons suffering under Chronic Diseases of a Virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, mal-treatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise, and, in cases of extreme poverty, to Furnish Medicines free of Charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the high medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their Surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of Chronic Diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various Reports and Tracts on the nature and treatment of Chronic Diseases, by the Consulting Surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *Free of Charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for Report or treatment, DR J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon Howard Association, No. 2, South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*

GEO FAIRCHILD, *Sec*

Jan 11—1v

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER MONTHS——The best book for Agents, to persons out of employment.

An elegant Gift for a Father to Present to his Family! ☞ Send for One Copy, and try it among your Friends! ☜

WANTED.—Agents in every section of the United States, to circulate Sears' Large Type Quarto Bible, For Family Use—Entitled The People's Pictorial Domestic Bible, with about One Thousand Engravings!!

This useful book is destined, if we can form an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have an unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide spread continent, and to form a distinct era in the sale of our works.—It will, no doubt, in a few years become *The Family Bible of the American People.*

The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all persons who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may easily be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union. *It will be sold by subscription only.*

Application should be made at once, as the field will soon be occupied.

Persons wishing to act as agents, and do a safe business, can send for a specimen copy.—On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon, and Texas.

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Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

NOTICE.—On Monday of Guilford County Court, being the third Monday of November, 1859, I shall offer for sale, at the court house door in Greensboro, so much of the following lands as will pay the taxes and costs annexed.

NAMES.	ACRES.	WHERE SITUATED.	ADJOINING		TAX.	COST	AMT.
William D Smith,	252	Reedy Fork	Ralph Gorrell &	others	$5 51 10	$6 60	$
Mary Anthony,	384	Hickory Creek	Wm Kirkman	do	4 20	1 10	5 30
Rebecca Hall,	108	do	do	do	2 10	1 10	3 20
John Leonard,	100	Bull Run	Solomon Sullivan	do	3 00	1 10	4 10
Ann Draughn,	80	Reedy Fork	J F McGrady	do	1 20	1 10	2 30
G S Dejarnatt,	25	Haw River	Wm H Brittain	do	1 20	1 10	2 30
Micajah Harriss	266	do	do	do	6 35	1 10	7 45
Daniel Kellam,	17	Moon's Creek	do	do	60	1 10	1 70
John Kellam,	272	Reedy Fork	do	do	6 60	1 10	7 70
Lindsay Mustin,	99	do	B M Brown dec'd	do	3 05	1 10	4 15
Thomas Stanly,	128	Moon's Creek	John Bunch	do	6 83	1 10	7 93
William Smith,	135	Reedy Fork	Isaac H Gardner	do	1 05	1 10	2 15
John Jessup,	60	Long Branch	A H Lindsay	do	1 20	1 10	2 30
Robert Peacock,	58	Horsepen	D W Edwards	do	2 93	1 10	4 03
Thomas Stanly,	72	Reedy Fork	John Hunt	do	1 79	1 10	2 89
Preston Stanly,	200	Moon's Creek	Arch'd Wilson	do	4 45	1 10	5 55
Ezekiel Rumley,	100	Reed Creek	John King	do	1 20	1 10	2 30
Solomon Horney,	100	Mordecai's Creek	Jonathan Frazier	do	5 40	1 10	6 50
P P Horney,	½	High Point	Jonathan Winslow	do	2 59	1 10	3 96
English Hayworth	100	Near High Point	John Carter	do	5 66	1 10	6 76
Jere Piggott,	300	Mordecai's Creek	do	do	24 51	1 10	25 61
William Amos,	1	Greensboro	[tax for '55, '56, and '57]		9 40	1 10	10 50
John Lewey,	100	Reedy Fork	L W Summers &	others	2 45	1 10	3 55
E D Wadlington,	200	do	do	do	5 85	1 10	6 95
Mary Summers,	100	do	Eli Smith	do	2 70	1 10	3 80
William Hubbard,	151	South do	W J McConnel	do	2 45	1 10	3 55
T M Woodburn,	50	Alamance	A T Finley	do	11 14	1 10	10 24
David C Bain,	100	Stinking Quarter	Wm Wilson, dec'd	do	1 50	1 10	2 60
C P Smith,	250	Alamance	G Shatterly	do	12 35	1 10	13 45
Alfred King,	150	North Buffalo	William Wharton	do	7 90	1 10	9 10
Hannah Pitchford,	150	Reedy Fork	R Gorrell	do	4 20	1 10	5 30
Lee Pitchford,	125	do	Bruce Weatherly	do	2 15	1 10	3 25
Henderson Cowan,	70	Alamance	C Layton	do	2 69	1 10	3 70
Neely Dobson,	80	do	John Hackett	do	1 80	1 10	2 90
Elizabeth Ives,	150	do	William Young	do	3 05	1 10	4 15
John M Kirkman,	150	do	Eli Glass	do	4 40	1 10	5 50
Sarah Thompson,	50	do	Benton Field	do	1 05	1 10	2 15
Daniel Worth,	90	near Greensboro	Dr D C Mebane	do	5 30	1 10	6 40
Heirs of A Sommers,	300	Reedy Fork	J M Dick	do	4 80	1 10	5 90
John Goley,	99	Stinking Quarter	Joel Pike	do	6 00	1 10	7 10
Col T Shoffner,	63	do	A Coble	do	4 90	1 10	6 00
Mm McLean,	250	Alamance	J Paisley	do	14 86	1 10	15 96
Daniel Welker,	40	do	R Stuart	do	3 45	1 10	4 55
E Diviney,	300	do	G Alexander	do	5 45	1 10	6 55
Jacob Faust,	98	do	R Stuart	do	4 10	1 10	5 20
Wm Fuel,	70	Blue's Creek	J H Bennet	do	2 10	1 10	3 20
Wm Taylor,	173	Alamance	F Taylor	do	5 15	1 10	6 [illegible]
J E Gamble,	75	Deep River	J Freeman	do	5 45	1 10	6 55

October 4, 1859 (6w) W. A. WINBOURNE, *Former Sheriff.*

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TESTIMONIALS.

As an evidence of the truth of what has been asserted, I append the names of a few gentlemen of high standing, whose veracity cannot be questioned, who have purchased or ordered books from me, and received Gold Watches, namely: WM. ZIMMERMAN, Esq., Middletown, Pa.; JOHN D. SKILES, Wholesale Grocer, Lancaster, Pa.; Hon. G. G. WALKER Representative from Sommerset Co., in the Pennsylvania Legislature; Walter G. EVANS, Notary Public, Lancaster city, Pa.; JACOB MARTIN, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.; HIRAM FISK, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. GEO. LENHART, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mr. J. L. FEARS Bear Creek, Henry Co., Georgia; Mr. THOS. SMEAD, Bedford, Pa., and JULIA CROSBY, 927, Lawrence Street, Philadelphia, who received a splendid Silk Dress Pattern, worth $15.

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Greensboro, Sept., 1859.

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DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes. Also a large assortment of EAR TRUMPETS, of all sizes and every description known in the world. Also, a large assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL HANDS, with Wrist, Arm and Elbow attachments—also, of FEET, with Ankle, Leg and Knee joint attachments—natural as Nature itself. These articles can be sent by express to any part of the world.

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Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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Every Invalid Should
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THE WORSTED THREAD.

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The tall chimney of the chemical-works was carried up two hundred and eighty feet, and the scaffolding was to be taken away. Tom Howard's father was the last of the workmen to come down; and, by some oversight, the rope by which he was to descend from the dizzy height had slipped off from the top, and there the poor fellow was, —night coming on, and no means of reaching the ground! A crowd soon collected; and Tom ran home to tell his mother of his father's danger. She hastened to the place and soon saw his perilous condition.

With a clear, full voice she cried out to him to take off a stocking and unravel it carefully, and, by a bit of mortar at the end, let it down slowly.—This he did; and, while he was doing it, the thoughtful woman sent to a neighbouring shop for a ball of twine. Pretty soon the end of the stocking-thread came down along the side of the tall chimney, waving back and forth in the wind; and as soon as it reached the ground she tied it to the end of the twine, and, taking the ball in her hand, called out to her husband to draw up the stocking-thread; and as he drew it up she unrolled the ball carefully, until the cry was heard, "He's got it! he's got it!"

"Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she; and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer. The rope was up. But would her husband be able to make use of it?—Would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength with which the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him,—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which dwelt in her true heart. She did not know that as he waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God." She could do nothing more for him, and her heart rested on God as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother! he's safe!" cried Tom. "Thou'st saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms.—And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness.

"NEVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD"

These words affected me deeply. They came to me through the grate of a prison-door from a young man about twenty-five years of age, of good form and intelligent countenance, but quivering and trembling from the effects of intemperance. "When were you brought in here?" "Yesterday.' "On what charge?" "Drunkenness and disordely conduct." "Where are you from?" "Philadelphia." "What was your occupation there?" "Some years ago I had a very good place in a draper's store, but I fell into bad habits and lost my place. Then I tried peddling books. Yesterday I came here and became intoxicated, and was taken up and put in jail."—"Were you religiously brought up?" "Not by my parents; but I had religious instruction in the Sabbath-school." "Then you have attended Sabbath-school?" "Yes, sir." "What were your first steps astry?' "Going about in the evening and taking walks out into the country on Sunday." "Did you drink when you went on those excursions?" "Sometimes we did, sometimes we didn't." "Have you been in the habit of praying to God?" "*Never since I was a child.*"

There is then a way which leads from the Sabbath-school to the jail. But it does not lie through the closet nor the sanctuary. Street-walking at night, Sabbath excursions, the companionship of careless and wicked men, *the neglect of prayer and of the house of God*, these will soon lead from the Sabbth-school to the jail.

"*Never since I was a child!*"—What a dreary waste did the retrospect of those years present to the eye of that unhappy young man!—Prayer, first occasionally omitted, then deliberately neglected, and at last utterly abandoned and forgotten! How fearful the work of those prayerless years! Place, character, business habits, health, peace of mind, all lost, and the habits of a vagrant and the burning thirst of a drunkard incurred. Mark the gradual sinking down in his employments and position. The respectable merchant's clerk degenerates into a rioter and disturber of the public peace, and presently finds himself the tenant of a jail. The progress of sin is downward, even to the abode of endless sorrow and lamentation, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

NEEDLE-WORK WITHOUT A NEEDLE.

One of the most curious things among the wonders of nest-building is the sack which one of the tailor-bird family constructs for its home. She is called the "plain suited tailor-bird;" and when about to build her nest she selects a broad, ample leaf from a particular tree, and, drawing the outer edges together, she fastens them by means of filaments of cotton which she spins for herself. She makes holes in the margin of the leaf, and through these she puts one of the threads enlarged, as if knotted, at each end, to prevent its slipping through the holes. How the thread is spun or the ends enlarged is more than human wit has discovered. The *facts* are indisputable.

Not the least curious thing about the nest is that the stalk-end of the leaf is brought over and joined so as to form a sort of arch to shed rain and heat. The interior of the nest is lined with cotton, silky grass and vegetable fibres, so as to make it very soft and warm, and is suspended from the end of a branch usually over the water. What a wonderful evidence of the power and skill of the Creator is such a work of animal instinct!

"Did you observe that interesting looking widow with four children?" observed a poor law guardian to his friend. "Poor thing, she once knew better days, and had every luxury that wealth could purchase." "How did she come to be an inmate of the workhouse?" inquired the friend.—"Through the drinking and gambling habits of her husband," was the reply. "Have you many of such cases?" "Many! indeed we have. I verily believe that *nine* out of every *ten* of the paupers in the workhouse have come here directly or indirectly through intemperance. Rum shops and beer-houses are the great curses of our land."

BE CHEERFUL.

Dwell on your mercies. Look at the bright as well as the dark side. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts.—Melancholy is no friend to devotion. It greatly hinders the usefulness of many. "It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper which is not the less a stain because it carries no meaning with it." Let your soul rove through the truth of Scripture as the happy herds though the green pastures.

CARD-PLAYING.

"To dribble away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing but can never rise an inch."

It is worse than that a great deal.

Bad thought's a thief! He acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And, if he once his way can win,
He lets a hundred robbers in.

EFUL INFORMATION

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the merchant, the fabanic,rmer, and the house keeper.

Something to be Thought of.

The U. S. *Economist* has an article on International Trade, that contains much that should not be, yet is overlooked by many who write upon the policy and probable results of excessive importations.—England manufactures, hence she is a depot for the raw material and produce of the commercial world. The United States produces a surplus of food, material for manufacture and gold. This surplus in large proportion goes to England and the continent. The great interchange has been between England and the United States, and this natural intercourse has progressed as follows: Exports from England to the U. States in 1842, $37,117,219; in 1852, $79,116,289; in 1856, $106,083,112; in 1858, $67,812,921; exports from the United States to England in 1842, $38,234,511; in 1852 $110,803,055; in 1856, $160,741,372; in 1858, $156,009,200.

Thus, the exports of the United States to Great Britian have been largely in excess of the quantities taken from her.—These exports have embraced gold, which in the last ten years has become a staple mining production, and export of the United States. The figures for British exports do not include gold, as a matter of course, since they represent only British productions. For the same reason the United States exports do represent gold, which is a United States production. The fund accumulated in London to American credit by this large excess of exports is drawn against from all quarters, in payment of goods imported from other countries.—These bills raw gold rapidly from London in years of active imports into the United States—more particularly in years of short harvests in England. When the English harvests are short, she is required to remit gold in the purchase of food, and in those years the sales of American breadstuffs become active; they stimulate larger purchases of goods, wines and silks of France, &c, and for these purchases, the bills running on England for payment swell the amount of gold drawn from her. The English trade with the north of Europe has not increased in the same proportion as the United States trade in the same direction—as follows: Exports, England to north of Europe in 1842, $93,011,012; in 1852, $102,591,207; in 1856, $170,451,021; in 1858, $185,189,688; exports, United States to north of Europe in 1842, $27,556,653; in 1852, $39,270,307; in 1856, $68,637,310; in 1858, $61,581,104.

The increase of England's exports have been mostly to her own colonies, more particularly to Australia and New Zealand. The course of trade seems annually to become more clearly marked as between the production of manufactured articles and raw and tropical products. The largest portion of the increased exports of the United States are food, cotton and gold. The imports of merchandise from Europe and England are necessarily the products of their industry, which are the only means with which they can pay. We have a surplus of materials, of manufacture, of food and of gold. If we sell any or either of these articles, clearly the pay must be had in other commodities; and manufactured goods are the only medium in which England can pay. Unless intercourse between the two countries is stopped altogether, we must take pay in manufactures; and the more liberal the terms on which those goods are received the greater will be the amount of our sales. It is the custom to ascribe the periodical revulsions which occur, to "over imports,"—by which is meant, that we have imported goods to an amount greater than the proceeds of the article exported will discharge; and that, as a consequence, the volume of the currency here is reduced by the too extended export of coin, involving a fall in prices and great mercantile losses. This is, however, not the cause of the evil. The revulsions grow out of the fact that the goods are sold on extended credits, which depend upon a thousand hazards, the leading one being the chance of the crops. If these are bad, the goods are not paid for. If they are good, and do not find vent abroad, the results are the same. To assume that persons who buy on credit, and buy because they get credit, will take less on such terms if the duty is 5 or 10 per cent. higher, is simply absurd. While long credits are the means of extended sales, no rates of duty, however high, would affect the extent of sales to the value of a dollar.

NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.—We have before published in *The Times*, that a bruised horseradish was a remedy for Neuralgia &c. A correspondent of an exchange paper says he has tried the receipt. As neuralgia and the toothache are both nervous diseases, he thought the remedy for the one would be likely to give relief to the other; so he made the application of horseradish bruised, applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated. It gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of Neuralgia. Since then, he has applied it several times, and with the same gratifying result. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be within reach of every one.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

LET 'ER RIP.

One sunny afternoon last week,
I thought I'd take a ride;
And hired a nag they said was fast,
I'm sure she was when *tied*.
My friend, Bill Spriggins, drove the mare,
While I laid on the whip,
And shouted till I was quite hoarse—
Billy, put that animated female projective power through—g'lang, *Let her rip!*

We stopped at Mill Creek on the road,
Of course we had to *smile*,
And gave the expeditious nag
A drink, and rest awhile;
We *lagged*, then calling for the mare,
I tossed the man a fip;
I jumped into the wagon, and seizing the reins, requested the Ethiopian individual who held the double distilled essence of lightning, in emphatic tones to—*Let her rip!*

A chap who drove a large bay nag,
Seemed anxious for a *brush*,
So whipping up our own fast crap,
We went it with a rush;
'Twas neck and neck a mile or more,
When his mare made a trip;
We glided by like lightning greased,
For having hired the extraordinary animal, we concluded that we had a perfect right to get the worth of our money, and therefore—*Let her rip!*

We drove along without mishap,
At least a dozen miles;
Stopping now and then, of course,
To take several "smiles."
At last we ran into a chap,
Who gave us too much lip,
The horse broke—the wagon too—pitching Bill and myself into a ditch by the roadside. Bill, says I, the horse has run away? Bill, struggling under the combined effects of "larger" and a mouthful of mud, exclaimed—*Let her rip!*

A young lady who wore spectacles, exclaimed, in a voice of sentimental enthusiasm, to a ploughman who was walking on the road:

'Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh, see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about!'

'Them ai'nt sheep and lambs—them's *hogs*, Miss.'

An unpoetical Yankee has described ladies' lips as 'the glowing gateways of beans, pork, sourcrout, and potatoes.'

If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

"Johnny," said a doting mother to her somewhat insatiable son, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma," quoth young hopeful, "but I 'spose I can with a spoon."

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter execesence," said the amiable Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel among honest folks."

"How do you feel with such a shocking cost on," said a young dandy to old Roger! "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which I had paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you have never experienced."

SMART AND LAZY.—A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone out West, where the new comers were usually attacked the first season with the ague, and said he: "Neither of those two men will be affected by it."

"Why not?"

"Because, was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay fot it."

A physician is the unfortunate individual who is expected every day to perform a miracle, namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl for the amusement of the company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a pie, "did you do that? You're quite an artist. How did you do it?" "Indeed, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty? I did it with your false teeth mum!"

A man to succeed well in life should be like a razor—he should have a strong back, a high polish, keenness and an excellent temper.

How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish? One takes the dish with the egg.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

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